SPAIN'S YEAR OF WAR

NEW MASSES

JULY 20, 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

ON this anniversary of the outbreak of international fascism's attack on loyalist Spain, we are pleased to be able to greet the troops of the George Washington and Abraham Lincoln battalions with the news that, owing to the coöperation of other magazine publishers, the urgent need for reading matter in the English-speaking loyalist trenches will be somewhat alleviated. Three weeks ago we wrote to about three dozen American magazines in this vein:

"We have received word from several persons just back from Spain that there is very little reading matter available to the English-speaking members of the loyalist forces. When magazines and papers do reach them, many are so thoroughly read that the paper crumbles before they have gone the rounds.

"Upon request of the minister of instruction and publicity we have been sending 100 copies of the NEW MASSES weekly to the Americans in Spain. It has occurred to us that other publications might do likewise. Even ten copies of your magazine would be of great value, if that is all you feel able to send. . . ." The magazines addressed were asked to send copies care of Socorro Rojo International, Chambre 17.1, Albacete, Spain.

As noted recently, *Judge* was the first magazine to respond favorably. Monte Bourjaily, editor and president, replied that ten copies of each issue of his magazine would be sent regularly, as well as of each number back to the first of the year. Since then, nine other magazines have responded. Three noes have come in: from *Life* and the *Saturday Evening Post,* both on the ground that they receive so many requests that they have had to draw the line somewhere, the *Satevepost* drawing it against requests to meet needs outside this country, *Life* apparently drawing it against "non-partisan" requests; the third no, from Executive Editor F. D. McHugh of *Scientific American,* was the only definitely hostile reply. Editor McHugh wrote: "In our opinion Americans should stay at home and mind their own business. . . . We regret that we cannot condone their action even to the slight extent of sending them copies of our magazine." The NEW MASSES replied to this letter, asking Mr. McHugh please to state his opinion on whether Lafayette, Pulaski, and their international volunteers should have stayed at home "minding their own business" instead of helping in the American war of independence. That was ten days ago; no reply has been received.

The magazines besides *Judge* which have replied favorably and are now sending copies of each issue to Spain are the following: *Esquire* (Editor Arnold Gingrich writes, "We appreciate your courtesy in making this suggestion"); the *Living Age* (Associate Editor Ruth Norden says, "We shall be glad to send copies . . . to the Lincoln Battalion at the address given . . . as many as we can spare"); the *New Republic* (Circulation Manager Byron Dexter writes, "We are very glad to send ten copies . . . each week . . . and are doing so at once"); the *Nation* (Circulation Manager Walter Gruening remarks, "I am going to send ten copies . . . each week for the next three months. . . . I am glad to contribute"); *Time* (P. I. Prentice, circulation manager, says, "We will be very glad to work with you as suggested . . . to make more reading matter available to the English-speaking members of the loyalist forces in Spain. Beginning with the next issue, we will send 100 copies . . . each week"); *Scribner's* (L. McKerihan writes: "We shall be glad to send as many copies of our Anniversary issue as we can spare"). The editors of *Harper's* replied that they were turning the request over to their circulation department but were not optimistic about the possibilities, since *Harper's* of late has been carrying on a campaign to cut down the issuing of free copies.

A number of important magazines have not replied. These include *Collier's, News-Week,* the *New Yorker,* and *Readers' Digest.* Certainly a favorable reply should have come from Editor Harold Ross of the *New Yorker.* He was a member of the brilliant staff which edited the *Stars & Stripes,* the paper of the A.E.F. in France. He should know how troops under war conditions hunger for the *New Yorker* sort of reading.

Correspondent Hawthorne, who sent us Kathleen's letter (page 7) writes: "It never occurred to me to ask Kathleen's permission to use and to publish her letter. Such a request might have embarrassed her. The love, and the pride, and the sorrow she permitted one man—a comrade she did not know—to see, was not intended for spreading out on newsprint after the manner of Hearst speculating with human anguish. For me to have asked her to give her letter to us for publication, for her to have agreed to permit publication, would have been to put the matter on that basis. Moreover, she might have refused, once personal feelings had become the basic question. And she had no right to refuse. Nor I, therefore, to ask.

"Kathleen's letter belongs to the whole human race and especially to the working class. It simply does. One has seen such statements used before in a trite way, a pat formula for endorsing a friend's work. But I couldn't find one word in the letter that spoke of herself alone. There wasn't anywhere a note of sorrow on parade, of Hamlet, of hysteria, or of the heroics of a woman trying to make herself *believe* the cause was more than her personal love. It simply *was*. . . .

"I read the letter to boys in the lines here, boys toughened to war now, all-steel, and they knew that in her words they were hearing the secret of the people's revolutionary strength, its unpretentious faith, deep humanity, and infinite capacity for suffering. In short: its women! . . ."

The time's drawing near for that boat ride for the benefit of the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion and the NEW MASSES. The ad on page 27 gives the exciting details.

Who's Who

JAMES HAWTHORNE, who has been our correspondent in Spain since last September, was a specialist in Spanish history and politics before he left this country. He has been a frequent visitor to the trenches on the central and southern fronts. . . . Herbert Kline was our correspondent in Madrid during the winter and spring, and was one of the first to broadcast in English over Madrid's Station EAQ2, now EAR. . . . Marion Hammett is a journalist who has just concluded a three-week trip through the steel-strike centers. She was one of the authors of our article on the Trotsky "hearings" in Mexico earlier this year. . . . G. D. H. Cole is an internationally known Socialist and writer on political and economic questions. He is also known as a writer of detective stories. This in his first article written for the NEW MASSES. . . . Edward Newhouse's short stories have been published before in our pages. His most recent novel was *This Is Your Day.* . . . Broadus Mitchell is a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University and was the Socialist candidate for governor of Maryland in the last campaign there. . . . T. A. Jackson is the author of the recent work in Marxist methodology, *Dialectics.* . . . Deyo Jacobs, whose trench scene is reproduced on page 5, is a twenty-three-year-old New York artist who joined the Spanish loyalist forces in January. He was wounded in action, and in a base hospital behind the lines he began to draw impressions of life at the front. He returned to the trenches, but was drafted by the government's Department of Propaganda to work on leaflets, posters, etc. He is a member of the Artists' Union.

Flashbacks

AMERICA'S *ex-soldiers got one* kind of marching orders on Anacostia flats in Washington, July 20, 1932. "Keep moving," was the substance of an order to evacuate within ten days, and an official police phrase —"bloodshed if necessary"—gave ominous warning of the violence in store for those seeking the promised bonus. Bloody Thursday was not far off. . . . Tom Mooney watched San Francisco's Preparedness Day parade July 22, 1916. Suddenly, a mile from where he stood, a bomb exploded, killing nine, wounding forty. Five days later he, a militant trade unionist, was locked up and charged with the crime. . . . A Woman's Rights Convention, the first in this country, was held at Seneca Falls, N. Y., July 19, in that year of revolutionary deeds, 1848. Declaring independence, the women agreed: "The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpation on the part of man towards woman, having in direct object the establishment of absolute tyranny over her."

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES
JULY 20, 1937

Puyol

Spain After a Year of War

The status of July 1936 will never be restored, the author says, and the prospects for victory are steadily brightening

By James Hawthorne

THIS is Madrid, more than ever the capital of Spain after a year of war. For a fraction of a second, you hear the disturbing whirr of a shell; then a sharper rumble like coal going down a chute; a metallic boom; falling glass; screams. Soldiers on leave gather the wretched remains of two women from the sidewalk. The morgue is crowded again. Hospitals are busy. The Gran Via is punctured and bruised. Windows gape open or are blankly boarded up. People coming and going, a little nervously, hug the shadows as they hurry along side streets. Madrid, war-tensed and tearless. Several quotation boards hang in front of a bank. Some are askew; the glass has been shattered, but the boards have not been touched since the fascist rebellion broke out. The date on the boards is unchanged: July 17, 1936.

Madrid is still the capital, but the government is in Valencia where it established itself in unseemly haste during Madrid's black hours of early November. A year ago the government was here, a Left Republican cabinet enjoying the support and pressure of Socialists, Communists, and Catalan nationalists. But the Civil Guard was also here. Behind the government stood the pillars of state, armed forces carefully separated from the people and directed by feudal snobs and landed loafers. The government sometimes seemed a mere shadow—the police the only substance. Indeed, had it not been for the very substantial physical impulse and support provided by the people, reaction would have cast a new shadow on July 17, 1936.

BETWEEN February and July there were such massacres as that of Yeste, where yellow-belted, patent-leathered, tricorned Civil Guards mopped up poor peasants who came to cut wood on a hunting preserve. But there were mass occupations of the land, as in Badajoz, where the people swept the government over the threats of the armed devils. Against these clear manifestations of the popular will, the land barons, the military idlers, the bankers, and big industrialists, all the privates of the army, the police, the Civil Guard, and the high clergy rose in stubborn pride. They thought they could overpower the people's representation in a few hours, but they succeeded only in dissolving "public order," in knocking down the pillars of their own feudal state.

THE strange voluntary discipline of the revolution had come into being. Of course, the world press painted a different picture: gasoline poured on nuns' heads and set afire, rape, pillage, torture, dance of the ghouls. The truth was harsh as all the lessons of experience are painful, but it in no way resembled this Hearstian nonsense. The new public order consisted of arms in the hands of the people. On every corner a blue-overalled, rifled guard; at night, six. The death penalty for pillage; stern vigilance against the settlement of private grudges; popular tribunals. Thousands and thousands of men standing twelve hours of voluntary guard. Every organization detailing forces to maintain order, to prevent fascist elements from mobilizing. A great duplication of effort in this spirit of self-sacrifice, of eagerness to serve the democratic revolution. So many initiatives that one did not know where to turn for authority or information. But rigid, popular, revolutionary order.

It became necessary to eliminate that waste and duplication of effort. The war needed those men in the blue "mono." And to the front they went. Some of them are back now, neatly uniformed, in the new people's police, or the Assault Guards, or the Guardia Nacional Republicana. Public order is again a thing of organized corps, of uniformed, armed men. But they are armed men of the people, men who have defended the popular revolution in the trenches and are permitted to exercise police functions because now, as before, they are intimately linked to the people. The guns of the police can never again, in Spain, be turned against the people.

Indeed, the people themselves are armed. The old army went with the officers' caste which initiated the rebellion. Today the government counts on a thinking army, an army consciously engaged in defending the political line of the people's front. Its officers are revolutionary heroes, chiefly from civilian ranks, forged in the fire of twelve months' war. They are the brains, the whole people provide the flesh and blood, while the political commissariat—the democratic link between the technical command and the civilian population—is the nerve of the people's army. The ancient corrupt navy is a furiously revolutionary one now; and the old battered air force has now become one of the finest in the world for its size.

It was, above all else, for the landed proprietors of Spain that the military fascists rose. Their interests have been subordinated to those of Hitler and Mussolini in the course of the year, but in loyalist Spain land is still the core of the war. In the area dominated by the forces of the legitimate government, the big proprietors have all disappeared. Their lands have passed to the peasants and agricultural workers without compensation.

That is the democratic revolution. There

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is a false and a true side to this revolution. The false side is the forced collective, which if examined, proves to be an exploitation and imposition rather than a collective. The true side is the farmers' coöperative, which, gradually preparing the peasant for a broader view than that of his own little plot, permits him today to cultivate his land individually and market as he will.

At the same time, the war has imposed a technical revolution in the farm country. Yesterday's feudal peasant plants three-month wheat; utilizes the land between the orange rows; scientifically plants crops to satisfy national needs, and, for the first time, feels he is working in one great scheme of things side by side with the city worker. The technical schools have penetrated the farm country and brought with them the fight against illiteracy. The last year has established the democratic revolution on cement foundations: a new form of agriculture; new techniques; democratic culture in the backwoods.

Nor are the industrial workers less affected by the year of war. Most of the native big industrialists conspired with the fascist rebels, and their property has passed into the hands of the government. Industry today is almost entirely controlled by the workers. Sometimes the selfish interests of local groups of short-sighted trade unions interfere with rational, scientific production. Such measures as the nationalization of the mines, militarization of transport, and the creation of a central coördinating body for national economy, however, point to a truly democratic economy. The industry of the republic that is emerging from the war against fascism will clearly be operated in the interest of the whole people.

The big bankers, of course, aligned themselves with their industrial and agricultural brethren. As a result, there is no big banking capital in loyalist Spain today. The gold of the Bank of Spain is fighting for the people. The state runs the large banks. The great changes that must yet take place in the banking system are all in the direction of construction; there can be no return to large-scale private banking.

How easily the people swept aside the landlords, the industrial giants, and the bankers in more than half of Spain that end of July 1936! And they also destroyed the church political, the church economic that had done so much to feed the flames of civil war. The hatred of the people for the clerical lackeys of the landlords sometimes was translated into the burning of churches. But it is enough to look at the Basque country to understand that it was neither the buildings, nor the priesthood, nor religion as a whole that the people resented. The churches of the Basque country were open until the fall of Bilbao. The government is now making arrangements to open as many churches as possible throughout the country, taking only those precautions necessary to prevent provocation and fascist intrigue. Religious freedom is a norm of the democratic republic, but the Jesuit monopoly of education and the feudal blight of superstition have gone with the church landlord, the church industrialist, the church inciter to rebellion.

In their place are workers' institutes, scholarships for poor and talented students, children's colonies, and a wave of new higher educational institutions. Throughout the country, even at the very front line trenches, the battle against illiteracy is part and parcel of the offensive against international fascism, and of the defensive revolution. The Spain we see just one year from the outbreak of the military-fascist rebellion is a land of anxious men and women peering into little books with large letters. In hospitals where their wounds are being treated, in the wheat fields, at the front, their lips move painfully, but their eyes are bright with the marvel of life that opens when you discover, adult, the magic of letters. Of the literate and newly literate, thousands are in officers' training schools, classes for youth cadres, courses for girl leaders, schools for political preparation. The republic is looking far beyond the final victory over the fascists.

Nothing will ever restore the Spain of July 17, 1936, but a fascist victory would drown the new Spain in blood. The supreme question, therefore, is: how long to victory? Looking back, one remembers how short it seemed in July. That was before we knew how deeply fascist Italy and Germany were involved in this so-called civil war. And in November—who will forget November 7 in Madrid? Then the war seemed likely to last years, with the whole people bleeding in partisan warfare against the hated invaders.

But we had not realized how quickly the solidarity of 180,000,000 Soviet citizens could be mobilized; we had not known how ready was the proletariat of the whole world. Soviet "butter" was placed in Spanish hands. The best representatives of the German and Italian peoples, the Thaelmann and Garibaldi battalions of the International Brigade, countered the fascist mercenaries and the weapons of the Nazis and Blackshirts. The heroic defense of Madrid turned the tide—and at length, when the Moors and the Requetés, the Portuguese and the Germans, and finally the Italian regulars had been wiped out on the Madrid fronts, the initiative passed to the government.

Today there is every prospect of a heavy loyalist offensive which will initiate the break-up of the fascist forces. Hitler and Mussolini, with the aid of Eden's "blindness," can prolong the war, but even with respect to German and Italian intervention, it is the government that can say the last word. Smashing government victories will make it more difficult for the fascists, given their internal conflicts and imperialist rivalries, to continue intervention at the increased rate demanded by an unfavorable situation.

For this final phase of the war, the government has new guns more powerful than the Big Berthas, and available only to an embattled people: propaganda in the enemy lines. The greatest battles of the second year of war will be those fought on the small scale of a leaflet or a whispered word.

Soriano

"Report all sea gulls as loyalist planes—and there's your 'incident.'"

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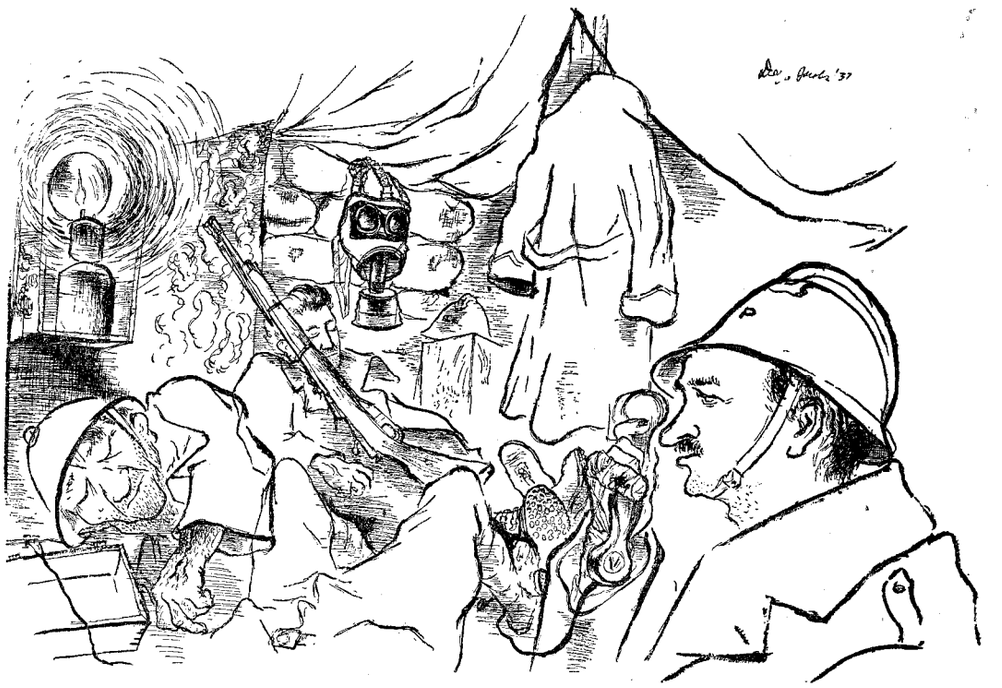
Conversations in the Trenches

Their experiences and their viewpoint reveal the stuff of which the troops of the Washington and Lincoln battalions are made

By Herbert Kline



Drawn in Spain by Deyo Jacobs

THE first thing I saw when I entered the American trenches at Morata was a film of blood on the rainwater underfoot. The second was an American volunteer in "international" ski-pants dancing beside his machine-gun, a black, mean-looking Maxim dating from 1915. Two Spanish comrades provided the music, clapping hands *jota* style.

"How do I match up with Fred Astaire?" the machine-gunner asked as he slowed down to a shuffling side step.

"You'll have Ginger Rogers in your arms yet," I answered, trying to keep my mind off the blood on that dirty rainwater.

"I'd trade that chance right now for a day's leave, pal. I'll tell the world I would. See if you can fix it up with General—I mean, Captain Johnson here."

"Always kidding the officers," Captain Johnson said. "I never could have gotten away with jigging or wisecracking in the presence of a superior in the twenty years I put in in Uncle Sam's army."

"What paper you with?" the kid asked, standing still for the first time.

"NEW MASSES," I answered.

"NEW MASSES, huh? I wish to Christ those guys would send more copies through. Here I am, somewhere in Spain, missing everything that's going on in the world, including my regular loving. Do I know how the C.I.O. is doing? I do not. Do I know what Granville Hicks thinks of Ralph Bates's latest book? I do not. It's just like living in an ivory tower."

"Don't you ever stop kidding?" I asked, thinking of the Moors, Germans, and Phalangists in the fascist trenches less than 150 meters away, my eyes still on the film of blood nearby.

"Sure," he answered, his eyes following mine. "Sometimes I stop. Then I feel bad. I think of my wife, and my friends, and the good guys who got it here, and I feel lousy. I've been in the line eighty-five days now. I don't mind telling you that I miss my wife like hell. We were married only three months when this thing came up. And here I am, at the business end of this Maxim, massaging the lousy fascists with these slugs every time Franco gets it into his head that he ought to be going after that Madrid-Valencia road again."

"How do we stand?"

"Not bad. We've got them good and stopped, comrade. But it cost plenty. I noticed you looking at the blood over there. That's from early morning. A nice young Spanish kid got it through the head from a bullet that ricocheted right through this firing hole. It hit the side of the gun, then smacked right into his head. It might have been me, instead. But what the hell! I knew what I was in for when I decided to come over and help give Hitler and Mussolini a run for their money."

"That's more'n I can say for some guys I know," a strangely familiar voice said.

It was Dave K., a young chap who had been active in a student New Theatre group back home.

"Hello, Dave! What did you say?" I asked, not understanding his remark.

"I said—what a break, your coming here. I heard you were somewhere in the lines and came running to find you. I'm writing a play, and you're just the guy I need to help. It's a one-acter, and maybe I'm no Cliff Odets, but it's the real stuff. It's about three guys who come to Spain and . . ."

"Wait a minute," I interrupted, remembering something Captain Johnson had told me. "Aren't you one of the heroes Johnson was telling me about? And hadn't we better let the play-writing wait until I get the straight goods from you, so I can tell people back home about theater people in the trenches?"

"So Captain Johnson told you I'm a hero, did he?" He looked so crestfallen that I was sorry I hadn't asked to see his script immediately. "Well," he continued, "it's damn nice of Johnson to single me out for praise, but I may as well tell you the whole truth. You get so you don't like half-truths and hooey about heroics when you know you're apt to get knocked off any time. All the boys are sore as hell about the way we've been described as a bunch of eager-for-death heroes, and some of us who've been thinking in terms of anti-war ideas for years don't like it one bit. I'll tell you what kind of hero I am, and I don't care who knows it.

"I came over with seven buddies. You know the guys: the same young kids you met on the boat. We had a rough idea of what we were in for when we volunteered. We were all kids who have been active in the student movement in the past, leading anti-war strikes, putting on plays against war, talking about the horrors of war, etc. But we didn't know what war was really like until we went over the top that terrible day, the twenty-seventh of February, the worst day the Americans have had in Spain. We saw two of our buddies killed before our eyes, riddled by machine-gun bullets. Another badly wounded—through the throat. Another disappeared. We didn't learn until yesterday that he had got mixed in somehow with the Franco-Belgian wounded without anyone having a record of him. The three of us who got back without being hit after five hours out in that hell were completely broken. Our buddies had been killed, wounded, or captured by the Moors. The charge seemed to our untrained eyes an im-

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possible, senseless, careless sacrifice of men, which, of course, it wasn't.

"That night, we were really downhearted. It was the first major fighting any of us had seen. I'll tell you frankly what we did. The three of us talked it over. As I see it now, we were quite mad. We decided to run away. We went on past the second lines, pretending we were heading for the cook-house, and kept right on walking. We hustled along for eight miles, talking ourselves into the idea that we were right to leave, that we were only kids, that we hadn't been given the right training or a chance to learn the tricks of the bloody trade before being sent over the top. We walked and walked, justifying ourselves.

" 'Christ,' one of the guys said all of a sudden. 'Want to know what we are? Just a bunch of lousy scabs! We walk out and leave our comrades on the line. We're scabs, strike-breakers, for all our talk and excuses. We're just mamma's little boys, trying to lie about being scared. What's all this shouting we've been doing for years about fighting against war and fascism? We're just plain deserters, war-scabs.'

"Somehow, we began to see the horrors that we couldn't stand as just another manifestation of the same violence we had faced on picket lines back home. We could understand what we had done only in terms of our life back home. There's not much more to the story. We went back. And we're heroes!"

Later, from his fellow-soldiers and from Captain Johnson, I heard the full story.

They were really heroes, these three who had run away. They were among the ten men who had charged ahead one day when inexperienced Spanish soldiers, broken under terrific fire, had abandoned 300 meters of trenches. Ten men against a heavy charge of Moors, stopping Franco's fiercest troops until comrades could relieve them. And now, the three youngsters were considered to be among the bravest and steadiest fighters in the battalion. Dave had been selected for officer's training for his coolness under fire.

"I USED TO SELL THE NEW MASSES on the subways for a living," the comrade said. "I used to go right on the subways and sell them. I got a kick out of thinking that people who might have lived their lives out without knowing the truth might learn of the workers' struggle just through me."

We were sitting hunched together in a little dugout, two volunteers of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion and myself.

"I used to give talks about the MASSES at our club on the South Side," the Negro said. "I used to tell the people they'd never learn what it was all about unless they'd read something serious sometime. It's kind of funny, the three of us squatting here in this hole in the ground, he a kid from New York who never had a steady job, you a fellow who works in the theater, and I, formerly of Swift & Co., Chicago. All three of us squatting here in this hole in the ground, somewhere in Spain, when only a few months ago we were all living our lives, not knowing each other, not dreaming we'd meet here, nothing in common but our ideas."

"It's kind of funny," I agreed.

"When you write the MASSES gang, tell them we're okay here. Tell them we got it pretty bad the first few days, but that we've learned to fight," the ex-MASSES worker said.

"Anything else?"

"Yeh, one thing, and don't forget it. Tell the people back home to lay off all that superheroic stuff that's being written about us. I've always hated war and uniforms. It's enough to put up with being soldiers, without people making it sound melodramatic and glorious. The boys are all sore about being described as the tin-Jesuses of the proletariat."

RUDY GOT TO SPAIN by lying about his age. This nineteen-year-old Jewish member of the battalion's Irish section had been active in the student anti-war movement for years. Then, when for all his intelligence and study he found work as a shipping boy for one of New York's large clothing houses, he became an organizer of the shipping boys' strike. Now, he's a veteran, one more American living what he preached about fighting war and fascism.

"Listen a minute, and don't get me wrong," Rudy said. "It isn't that I want to get away from this. Once you've been wounded and come back into the lines again nothing fazes you much, not even the thought that you'll be putting in month after month in a hellhole like this, if you last that long. It's just a week I want—that's all, one week.

"Now you'll say you can't pull it off, but I figure as NEW MASSES correspondent you've got enough drag to swing it. It isn't that I'd be of much help to you, though I could lug the camera around and things like that. But it would mean everything to me, no matter what happens afterwards. You see, I've always dreamed of getting work in films. I'd see every good film by Pabst, or Lang, or Eisenstein, or good Hollywood men like Ford, and Milestone, and Capra, and Howard over and over again, figuring how it was done. Not a big shot job, à la Hollywood. But a job working on films like that Odets guy could write if he wanted to. I want to be a cutter—cutting and editing films, that's what I'd like to learn. Maybe I'll never get to cut a film. I don't even know how to stick the pieces together. Maybe I'll never get to see how my ideas on cutting would work out, but I'd like to watch you fellows work for a week. Just one week."

Needless to say I couldn't swing it for Rudy. It was heartbreaking to stand there before this kid of nineteen whose life might be cut off before he had a chance to realize his dreams.

George Zaetz

A week later I saw him again.

"We're figuring on attacking in a few days again," he said. "I want you to do me a favor." (Jesus, if I could only get him a day off to work with us!) "It isn't much of a favor I'm asking this time. Not the same kind. I know I can't expect them to let me off, even for a day. That's okay. I came over to fight. Didn't dream I'd get this close to movie-making. What I want is easy. I got six hundred pesetas, see. More than I can spend. I thought I'd give them to the Red Aid like I did with my last roll. But I heard you fellows were working on a small budget, and I want you to take these six hundred pesetas and use them for your film. It'll pay for something—take them. I guess that you don't want to, but please realize what this means to me."

THESE ARE the sort of men you meet in the trenches at Morata. Men like Captain Johnson with decades of experience behind their fighting and thinking; youths like Dave, Rudy, and the dancing machine-gunner who learned their fighting after they were in the front lines of the fight against fascism; young men who have shown exceptional qualities for leadership, and who command the respect of their men at the same time that they retain their friendship as comrades.

These are no ordinary soldiers. These "Yanks" are different! Besides the guns and grenades, they have minds and hearts for the job they have undertaken. Mingled with discussions about military matters, you hear discussions on literature, economics, poetry. Men whose ideas have been nourished by the writings of Strachey, Palme Dutt, Forsythe, Gold, and Dos Passos do not lose themselves in the heart of a struggle like the one going on at the Jarama today. Their fighting in Spain is but an extension of their lives back home.

Each man fights on, thinking of the better world that must come from all this blood and sacrifice. Each man lives on in the work he has just given up to take up the fight in Spain. Each man questions you eagerly about his union, the C.I.O., whatever phase of the struggle he took part in back home. Each man thinks of the future, the work to be done "as soon as this show is over." They are probably the greatest soldiers in history, these men of the International Brigades. "We would rather die standing than live on our knees," Passionaria has said, and her words speak for these men. But, somehow, Rudy's plea for "just one week, comrade," summarizes their spirit for me. For all of these men who are facing death constantly in the trenches of loyalist Spain think primarily in terms of life and work. Like Rudy, they're willing to die that fascism shall not pass, but they want one more fling at life, a chance to carry out their work as men who have in them the stuff of which the future is made.

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From an Irish War Widow

This is what she wrote in answer to news of her husband's death while fighting for the loyalists

A Letter to a Comrade in Spain

I NEVER really believed that my poor Billy would be killed. From the moment we parted I have lived for the time we would meet again, and the news of his death has fairly broken my heart. The most awful thing about it is that I shall never see him any more, and, when I think of this, I feel that I shall never be able to hold up my head again. We were such pals that I cannot visualize the future without him. However, I will try to be brave. I have asked myself how Billy would have wished me to behave in the event of his death, and I know that he would have said, "Be brave and carry on with the struggle to the end," and that's what I shall do.

I am pleased to be able to say that it was through working in the movement that we first met. It was at an Easter week commemoration in 1933, and the friendship, based as it was chiefly on a similarity of ideals, grew steadily until I went over to Belfast the following year, since when we've been inseparable comrades through good times and bad. I am also pleased to recall that it was from Billy I got my first appreciation of the working-class struggle. Prior to that my whole life had been devoted to the cause of Ireland's freedom from British oppression and the reclaiming of her national culture, but Billy taught me that the economic struggle is by far the most urgent. When he expressed the wish to go to Spain last December, I was human enough to be a bit downcast at first at the thought of parting with him, but in the end my better self triumphed, and I gave him the encouragement I had previously withheld. At the same time, I begged him to take me with him, reminding him of our mutual resolve that we would always stick together, but although he believed in the equality of the sexes, etc., he was inconsistent enough always to make exceptions where I was concerned. He refused to consider such an idea, and nothing I could say would shake his resolve. On his stating that he could give himself wholeheartedly to the Spanish struggle only if he knew I was safe at home, I gave in, not wishing to do anything to stand in his way. Happy in the knowledge that we were doing what was right, we left Belfast on the eleventh of December; and Billy brought me back to my people here in Liverpool from where he left on the fourteenth for his last journey.

I want you to know, Comrade, that I am unspeakably proud of the way my man died. As you are probably aware, he did not believe there was any life after this, and that makes his sacrifice greater. For myself, I only wish I could believe in a hereafter that I might look forward to being with Billy again, but I'm afraid the possibility does not appeal to my reason. The sentiments you expressed regarding the question of religion are more or less my own. Never definitely as atheistic as Billy, I merely hold the conviction that I do not know. Without God and a hereafter, life becomes a farce, and yet the God I have been taught to believe in does not exist for me, at least as a just God, for he is the God of the wealthy and the oppressors; rather than serve him I prefer to follow my own conscience, and take my chance when my time comes with whatever comes after.

Billy, an atheist, is an example to any Christian, and he died in the noblest way a man could, the system being the rotten one it is. Not only am I proud of the manner in which he met his end, but glad, too, for the simple reason that it was the way he told me he wanted to go: suddenly, while fighting in defense of his class, the class for which he had striven all his life. I do not regret his having gone to Spain because it was the right thing to do, but naturally I regret that he did not survive the struggle to see the victory of which he definitely assured me in his letters. I regret also that I could not have been with him when the end came, but I have the consolation of knowing I did as he wished by staying home.

As you say, Comrade, there has been a lot of shameful slander about you boys, but it is not so prevalent now, thanks to the exposures by the *Daily Worker* [England]. We women get our fair share of the slanders too. They jeer at us, and tell us our men wouldn't have left us if they had cared for us, and why don't they fight for their own country, etc. It is useless trying to explain that our men are fighting for *our class,* and as for them leaving us to be rid of us, for my part I can confidently say that there was only one thing Billy held dearer than me, and that was the cause for which he gave his life.

I mustn't forget to thank you, Comrade, for undertaking to break the awful news to me. I appreciate how distasteful a task it was, as you are probably aware of the extent to which Billy and I were related. It came hard, following as it did on the death of my beloved father only a couple of months ago, but even my father's death fades into insignificance compared to Billy's, as the latter was dearer to me than any other being.

I would like very much to have the pictures you mention or anything that you think would be appropriate for me to have belonging to him. I have in my trunk quite a number of little presents which he bought me on various occasions during the last four years, but I would dearly love to have some little keepsake from him that he had on him when the end came. He spoke in one letter of having collected some presents for me from Spain, but, if they were not amongst his things, he had probably sent them to me, and they have been lost in the post. I know that's what happened to a pretty little bracelet he sent me.

I suppose it is useless to ask if Billy gave you any message for me in the event of his being killed; it's a habit among soldiers, I'm told, but maybe he believed he would survive the war, poor boy. His letters were so full of plans, but then that was probably just to keep me up; he must have been aware of the possibilities. Would you give me the details of how he met his death—I can bear it—and if you know, just where in Spain. Could I trouble you also for a description of the spot where he is buried? It's so unsatisfying merely to imagine. I would like to think he was thinking of me at the last, but for his sake I'm glad it was the way you described, for I couldn't tolerate the thought of his being in pain. Maybe some day, after all this is over, we women who are left can go out there and see the place where our men fought and died.

I shall be delighted to send you chaps the *Daily Worker* and to write to you also as long you wish it, and I'm pleased to associate myself with anyone who was a comrade of my Billy. Later on I will send you a photo of him. I have a splendid one of him which I made him take the day he left Liverpool, and I intend to get copies taken for his family and friends. I have written to his mother and family, and I am sorry to have had to give them the bad news, for though they and he did not understand each other very well, it's only natural that they will feel it. As it is, they blame him for going and blame me for letting him go, but I am proud of him and have no regrets. There are a lot of people in Belfast who will deplore his passing for he was well liked and respected for his quiet, unassuming manner and deep sincerity. . . .

Well, I have his photo here before me now, and all I can say is, "I salute you, old pal, and every time I think of you I shall be inspired to carry on to help build a system that will prove you did not die in vain."

I will close now, Comrade, with every good wish for you and the boys.

Yours in unity, KATHLEEN.

P. S. There's one thing you chaps must bear in mind: no matter who may slander you, *we, the workers,* believe in you.

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English – Editor
Newman – Ass. Ed.
Svanson/Art Ed.
Melnikoff ..... Translation Ed.

MAÑANA NEWS

Contributing Editors
Rucker
Day
Freedman
Compositor:
D. Thompson

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Spanish Agriculture and the War.

by Jack Friedman
2nd Installment.

Many comrades have shown surprise to see that the land here in Spain is still worked in a primitive fashion. One might reasonably ask, "Since the agricultural land has been by the people for some 8 or 9 months, why are there not some technical improvements apparant?" The answer is quite logical. The foremost task of the Spanish people is the defeat of fascism.

To carry this task thru to a successful conclusion requires not only anti-fascist fighters but also all the machinery, motors, tools and gasoline that the Loyalist forces can conscript. The same materials that are necessary to place agriculture on a higher technical plane are exactly the ones needed in the fight against fascism. It is obvious that the defeat of fascism must come before all other matters.

It must also be considered that tractors and modern farm machinery require agricultural technicians. The peasant who has been kept in ignorance for centuries by the feudal barons and the church are not capable of operating modern machinery at present. Even if some modern farm machinery were available it would not be possible at the present stage of the war to enlist the service of those techicians

The fight against fascism requires the service of every trained worker.

Every attempt to modernize agriculture in Spain after a pattern set by the U.S.S.R. would also require men with scientific ability. Men who are capable of studying climatic conditions, crop rotation, soil contents and etc. from a scientific angle. The services of these trained people are most urgently needed in the fight to defeat Franco, Hitler, & Mussolini.

Of course we can expect that, with the peasants in control of the land, they will be able to make ...ovements in spite of the ...ndicaps, but during the ... progress in agriculture ...ain limited to the facilities ...antry of Spain

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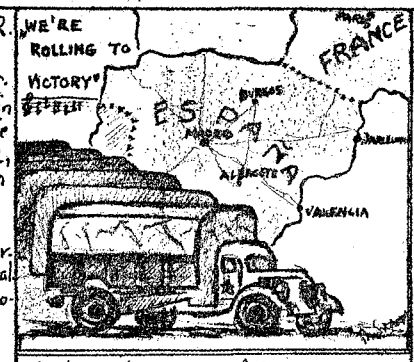
...'.....with Jack Koble
...u know ....?
...at effect too much water in ...ttery may have on the running ... engine?
...ow often is the water in ...battery inspected?
...o what level should the battery ...e filled with water?
...SWERS TOMORROW!



A New Kind of Army
A New Kind of War

by John "Missouri" Day

We in the motor transport are facing new problems every day. As Comrade Andre Marty pointed out, we are part of a new type of army in a new type of war. Hence we shall have special responsibilities and peculiar problems. First we will not always be together or, if we are, we will not be in close enough contact for a group consultation. Therefore we will have to rely on our own individual judgement in a given instance. Thus requiring training both military and political. Military in the sense of understanding the technical details of motor transport and how to conduct ourselves under any circumstances. Political, in understanding the broad problems of building a Peoples Army in one concentration point; at the same time training ourselves as cadres who will lead in the future battles and in the following periods of reconstruction. Marx said: "You will have to go thru 50 or 60 years of struggle not only to overthrow capitalism but also in order to fit yourselves to rule."

There may be instances where initiative and quick-thinking may be required of us. Let us remember the high resolve which brought us 4000 miles to Spain, and continue to set an example of International solidarity.

The laziest man in camp: Aris Hodges who had 3 teeth extracted because he couldn't muster enough vigor to get out of the dentist chair

Do you noticed how short our rations are when Nick the Greek is on K.P.?

ALICE..Come home at once. All forgiven. We need you badly. BMF ESCADRON

Sol's Chatter ... continued

Henry Ford: The fewest number of workers on a conveyor-belt at its highest acceleration as determined by the Inquisition, the chain-gang, castor oil and other spritely modes of torture.

I've always abhorred habitual drunks since Frank —— stole my trench-coat to hock in Syracuse. The price he received probably cured him. My last drunk occurred 6 years ago, not a legitimate one, since I became sick from mixing needled beer and bath-tub gin. Again I swear abstinence. Flying high is fine but the retching afterwards stinks poliferally. And so forth.

Desertion in Fascist Ranks

Translated from "Claridad" Apr 6th
(Ed. Note: "Claridad" was formerly the paper of Largo Caballero)

Yesterday near La Coruña road, fourteen soldiers, forcibly enrolled among the enemy like many others, tried to pass into our ranks.

Four succeeded, and were cordially received in our camp. They confirmed the increasing demoralization in the enemy ranks of whom the majority of the combatants would desert if a small band of assassins did not restrain them by terror.

In fact the others to who sought to cross over were caught and shot in the act without court-martial or any sort of trial in the best "nationalist" style

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Three Popular Slogans...

Now Circulating Among The Civil Population ——.

1. Everyone in action against the foreign invaders.
2. Everyone in action understanding the use of arms.
3. Enroll in the military preparation camps of the Popular Front.

Chatter 'Round the Batter

by Sol

Yesterday's slogan: The trucks are ready to roll, and the drivers were fit for rolling. De Quincey wrote in "De Profundis" how a man wrecks himself with dope. In the old capitalist conception that may have been man's privilege. Today, or rather, yesterday, we thoughtlessly threatened the army. And Today our conceptions have been dialectically changed. "We" here is not used editorially for "I" masochistically bare my own soul like Anatol France's monk in "Thais", publicly castigating himself on top of a desert column. Were I a rationalist I'd claim I was attempting to find my own point of saturation, one drink of cognac previous. But Bill Sewitt thwarted me by abstaining. The bottle rolled around before I had calculated the effect of the previous drink. That also takes a thorough knowledge of combinations and permutations.

Altho I was a mathematical scholar my memory seemed to fail me more and more with each successive swig. Bob Sleck was also abstemious and Bob Fasinello only winked at the bottle. Even Count Loco, and this proved fatal, favored speech-making over prolonged gurgling. This passion for my point of saturation may be traced to a bourgeois hangover —— the ancient clerical problem popularized by Erasmus: The number of angels on the point of a needle; streamlined today by

Continued in Column 2

Wall Newspaper

We reproduce herewith an issue of the *Mañana News*, one of the hand-lettered, one-copy-to-an-edition wall newspapers which are written and posted in the trenches by members of the Lincoln Battalion in Spain. The "compositor" of this issue, David Thompson, is a nephew of the novelist Kathleen Norris, and Jack Friedman is a New York State farmer.

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NEW MASSES
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Managing Editor ALEXANDER TAYLOR
Associate Editors THEODORE DRAPER, CROCKETT JOHNSON
Contributing Editors ROBERT FORSYTHE, MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, GRANVILLE HICKS, JOSHUA KUNITZ, LOREN MILLER, BRUCE MINTON, WALTER RALSTON, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.
Business and Circulation Manager GEORGE WILLNER
Advertising Manager ERIC BERNAY

★

Does Japan Want War?

ALL the circumstances surrounding the clash between Chinese and Japanese troops in the neighborhood of Peiping point to deliberate provocation by the Japanese. There could have been no conflict had not the Japanese preferred to hold military maneuvers near Fengtai, an important railway junction only six miles from Peiping. How does it happen that foreign troops dare to hold such maneuvers so near the former capital of China? The answer to this question really contains the essence and explains the seriousness of the present conflict.

After the Japanese had conquered and installed a puppet ruler in Manchuria in 1931 and further annexed the adjoining province of Jehol in 1933, the "islanders" turned their attention to the five provinces of North China: Chahar, Hopei, Shantung, Shansi, and Shensi. It was manifestly impossible to swallow this enormous territory all at once, so the Japanese ,with characteristic deliberation, began to bite off piece after piece. The immediate program of Japan's militarists calls for the annexation of the two provinces adjoining Manchuria (Manchukuo), Chahar and Hopei. *It is significant that the present conflict occurred within Hopei near the border of these two provinces.*

What the cables have failed to tell (and thus obscured the whole episode) is that the Japanese took over a large part of Hopei about a year and a half ago when they set up a puppet government akin to that in Manchukuo. This Japanese-controlled area is known as the East Hopei Autonomous Anti-Communist Government. *It is significant that the present conflict occurred just outside the border of this area.*

The conclusion is inescapable that the Japanese launched an attack at a strategically chosen point in order to close their grip on the whole province, possibly on both. But the Chinese national government at Nanking has shown no disposition to compromise with the invaders. A former capitulation may, however, make it more difficult for the central government to forestall the present plot. By what is known as the Ho-Umetsu Agreement (a very shady affair for which the alleged Chinese signatory, General Ho Ying-chin, refuses to take responsibility), the Chinese national troops are prohibited from being sent into North China. Nanking sovereignty over the region was further weakened by the formation of a special Hopei-Chahar Political Council headed by General Sung Cheh-yuan, whose loyalty to Nanking is still something to be tested. The Japanese are, of course, taking advantage of this situation.

Peace in the East rests with Japan. If she presents one of her familiar series of demands upon China, especially if she moves south, then a war may follow which will shake the Japanese empire to its depths, because China is today unified for resistance as never before. Mme. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the deceased founder of the Chinese Republic, has already issued a call for resistance. The Chinese showed that they could resist successfully in Suiyuan, and they can do it again—on a larger scale.

"40-40—or Run"

THE minimum-wage maximum-hours bill came from the Senate Committee on Education and Labor with a leg missing, an arm shot off and its heart beating weakly. The bill, as it now stands, permits the contemplated Labor Standards Board to set minimum wages of forty cents an hour, but no more. The original bill permitted minimum wages as high as eighty cents an hour. So with the hours-provisions in the bill: the board will not be permitted to set a maximum below forty hours a week. Actually, a higher hour minimum could hardly be set since, according to the National Industrial Conference Board, leading interstate industries are already averaging a 41.4-hour week.

John Mackey

General Sung—loyal to China?

Thus the bill, originally intended to enforce higher standards, does little more than legalize the status quo.

Other provisions of the bill are mildly beneficial. Child labor under sixteen is prohibited in industry (agriculture as a whole is excluded from the bill's scope). A provision in the original measure outlawing strike-breakers and labor spies is also retained. One important addition, on demand of organized labor, was a proviso making it clear that the minimums set by the board in no way impair maximums obtained by trade-union action. Nor will the act interfere with collective bargaining. These last two concessions, though negative in character, are simply intended to make the measure no worse than it is.

Woeful compromise that it is, the Senate's wages-and-hours bill is still sure of vigorous tory opposition when it gets on the floor of both houses. It remains to be seen whether the administration will put up a fight to restore some of the measures in the bill. The need for progressive, farmer-labor representatives in Congress is acute when the administration allows one of its own pet measures to be emasculated beyond anyone's desire to defend it as a forward-looking change.

More on Tukhachevsky

THAT famous British information service, the *Week,* privately circulated to subscribers only in mimeographed form, has just contributed an analysis of the arrest and execution of the former Soviet generals which excels anything we have read on the subject for both cogency and concreteness. In general, the *Week's* analysis tallies with the Soviet statements, but the British sidelights are valuable for the background they supply. The *Week* has scored a series of historic news scoops in world politics, such as advance notice of Nazi plans to remilitarize the Rhineland, owing to its unparalleled sources of information. The British government tried to ban it several months ago, for alleged infraction of the Official Secrets act, to stop its embarrassing flow of information on British rearmament and government policy. What follows is printed for what it is worth; in our estimation, a critical and informed view of the U.S.S.R.'s present military situation.

FROM SOURCES in closest contact with the Cabinet and Foreign Office, we learn that the announcement that an agreement with Germany has been concluded will be made, in some form or another, in the early autumn at the latest. Whether, however, this announcement will coincide with a successful conclusion to the negotiations for a four-power western-European pact—of which the Anglo-German agreement would be an integral part—is held to be dependent on a number of factors.

In the first place the arrest and execution of the

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group of Russian generals headed by Marshal Tukhachevsky, with its bearing on Franco-Russian relations, has somewhat complicated the issue.

Contrary to the views advanced almost unanimously by the British, German, and Italian press, the opinion is being widely—but, of course, privately—expressed in Staff and War Office circles that the removal of this pro-German and anti-French minority from the Russian army leadership has actually strengthened the military value of the Franco-Russian pact of mutual assistance and has made more likely its reinforcement by a military understanding.

This unexpected estimation of the situation is based on extensive and detailed information about the Red Army possessed by the British General Staff which has for some time now been well acquainted not only with the extent of Germany's espionage in Russia generally but with the Tukhachevsky group in particular.

(The attention of subscribers to this news service is drawn to an article on this subject appearing in the *Army Quarterly* of October 1936, published before the trial of Karl Radek, Sokolnikov and the others accused with them of espionage, wrecking, preparing for the defeat of Russia in the event of war with Germany, and negotiating with Germany for the surrender of the Ukraine.)

Both General Putna, until the autumn of last year Russian military attaché in London, and the former ambassador, Sokolnikov, who even discussed with a responsible British politician and, until recently, cabinet minister the composition of an "alternative" Russian government, made their standpoint quite clear during their stays in this country. First-hand confirmation of Tukhachevsky's attitude was obtained during his visit here two years ago and accounted to no little extent for his popularity among higher British army circles.

(An officer at that time attached to the War Office was, on one occasion, detailed to see to it that the marshal spent a pleasant evening. After dinner and a theater, the pair adjourned to the Naval & Military Club. Seeing that the marshal was greatly impressed, his host remarked that, surely, in Russia there were Red Army clubs and what-not. Tukhachevsky replied: "Certainly, but that's different, the common soldiers are allowed in too." Later, when the talk had turned to the Great War, the host inquired of his guest what regiment he served with at the time. When Tukhachevsky told him, he remarked, "That was Bluecher's regiment, too, wasn't it? Then you and he must have been comrades." The reply was brief: "Bluecher was only a corporal then.")

According to circles closely in touch with both the British and French Staffs, Tukhachevsky and his colleagues, who had always been in close contact with German military circles since Rapallo, believed that war between Germany and Russia was inevitable unless there was a radical change in Russian foreign policy. In the event of such a war, they believed military defeat was a certainty. Consequently and at all costs an agreement must be concluded with Germany even if Germany had to be bought by giving her that territory which she most wanted. This, however, was impossible under the present government and in face of tremendous hostility which would be aroused in the country if this policy was advanced in public. The matter was discussed with representatives of the German General Staff, with whom it was perfectly easy to make contact. In the event of it proving impossible to change the Russian government and with the outbreak of war and a Russian defeat, it was hoped that the alternative government would be established and peace rapidly concluded at the price of territorial and other concessions demanded by Germany.

Following the conclusion of the Franco-Russian pact, Tukhachevsky's hostile attitude, even in Moscow, was scarcely disguised, and the French military attaché in the Red capital reported back to the French General Staff to this effect. At the same time, the Germans, it appears, alarmed at the pact, increased their demands considerably, threatening Tukhachevsky and his associates with exposure if he did not fall in with their line. As his conduct had, even up to this point, been sufficiently unorthodox to bring severe censure and possibly more, he had no alternative but to accept the German demands.

Not only the French General Staff and the leadership of the French Radical Socialist Party, but the Czechoslovak General Staff were informed of this position. It was, therefore, not unnatural that the French were unwilling to cement their pact with Russia in a military understanding.

It was because of this knowledge that the campaign of the British Foreign Office through the press in this country, in complete harmony with the press in Germany and Italy, asserting that the whole value of the Franco-Russian (and by implication Czecho-Russian) agreement has been canceled by the "crisis" in the Red Army, was not taken seriously by either the French or the Czechs (the press of both these countries, in fact, strongly denounced the idea that the Red Army had been weakened). The idea behind the British and German campaign was, of course, to seize what was thought to be an opportunity for preparing still further the road for a western agreement by inducing France to break her understanding with Russia.

Happy Birthday to You

MOTHER BLOOR has been altogether too busy sharing the sacrifices and successes of the young all these many years to notice the birthdays, seventy-five of them, go by. Perhaps that is why, after almost half a century of tireless activity in the labor movement, she finds strenuous struggle still an effortless labor of love.

Daughter of an enlisted soldier in the Civil War, Ella Reeve came from a family which settled here in the early sixteen hundreds. She was deeply influenced by her Abolitionist uncle, Dan Ware, who lent her books of revolt, talked to her about the liberation of the Negro people, and worshipped Bob Ingersoll. At fourteen, Ella Reeve told the minister of the Presbyterian Church in a little New Jersey town to take her name off the rolls. While still in her twenties, she joined the Socialist Party and was associated with Gene Debs. As a Socialist organizer, she shone on the picket line, in political campaigns, and in educational work. Much of the material with which Upton Sinclair astounded the world in *The Jungle* was collected by Ella Reeve Bloor. Few major strikes in this period were fought without this little mother of the American labor movement.

Dixon (Workers' Library Publishers)

Mother Bloor—veteran laborite

During the war, Mother Bloor led strikes of munitions workers and campaigned for the release of Debs, Haywood, Browder, and other Socialists jailed for their anti-war views and activity. She was one of the first to greet the Russian Revolution. She helped organize the Communist Party, then the International Labor Defense, and, in recent years, the American League Against War & Fascism. Only five years ago, she led a milk strike in Iowa. Two years ago she served a thirty-day sentence in Nebraska for "brutally assaulting" the thugs who broke up a meeting of creamery workers which she was addressing.

A toast to Mother Bloor! May she attain her dream of attending the first Soviet Congress in America! May thousands celebrate together with her this seventy-fifth birthday in the pilgrimage to her birthplace in Staten Island on Sunday, July 18.

Tammany Tribulations

EVER since Grover Whalen made a public ass of himself by raising a squawk over the gardenia-man song-lampoon of him in the *Garrick Gaieties,* he has been learning political wisdom. The latest exhibition of his new-found acumen was his declination of the Tammany Hall nomination for mayor of New York City. He will shine with a far greater luster, he undoubtedly reasoned, as the bright star of the coming World's Fair than as a defeated candidate for the mayoralty.

Tammany is still in the throes of a struggle for a candidate strong enough to oppose Mayor LaGuardia, who will probably be the nominee of the City Fusion, Republican, and American Labor parties. Senator Wagner's sensible refusal to run against him has left Tammany the difficult job of finding a liberal pro-labor candidate who can serve as

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a façade for the structure of graft and gangsterism that is the present-day Tammany. The latest hope for those who understand the need for an attractive false-face is Jeremiah T. Mahoney, Amateur Athletic Union chief who carried on a vigorous campaign to boycott the Nazi Olympics. If Mahoney chooses to take a seat on a political garbage-heap, however, he cannot expect to smell as sweetly as he once did, even if Senator Wagner campaigns for him. But his candidacy is by no means assured. Tammany diehards want Senator Copeland. The Hall is riven by internal strife, and is thrashing impotently as the necessity for campaigning draws near. There has been talk that Mayor LaGuardia will himself enter the Tammany primary; if he were to do so, there is no question that the Hall would regard it as a serious threat. The politics of desperation is Tammany's lot this year, and as a consequence political observers expect the mayoralty campaign to be one of the dirtiest in New York history.

For the Sake of Clarity

PROFESSOR BROADUS MITCHELL'S advice to Socialists and Communists, in this issue, is so candid and courageous a declaration that we hesitate to take issue with it. We might run the risk of falling foul of the charge that such a statement of differences is merely "foolish quarreling," something Professor Mitchell says he detests. Still, in another part of his article, he tells us that "it is a mistake to be shy of social theory." With that we wholeheartedly agree, but we suspect that Professor Mitchell is here guilty of some confusion. A regard for social theory involves an awareness of differences, where they truly exist, and a genuine attempt to achieve clarity and unity through debate and deliberation. Only in this spirit do we here take issue with some of Professor Mitchell's assumptions and arguments.

When a member of the Socialist Party like Professor Mitchell writes: "It is clear to me that there should be the closest teamwork between all who believe that our problems can be solved only through the substitution of a coöperative for a capitalist society," then we would like more Socialists to adopt the same position. But it is not enough merely to hope for such a desirable end. Difficult problems must be solved before a united front between Socialists and Communists can be achieved. Problems such as these do not solve themselves, though Professor Mitchell comes dangerously close to saying that socialism comes of itself "no matter what radicals do."

It appears to us that "what radicals do" is a necessary condition for the overthrow of the capitalist system. Socialism does not come to life automatically. At every critical period, radicals must make decisions which decide whether progress is to prevail or reaction overtake us.

C. Johnson

Copeland—Tammany's choice?

Professor Mitchell places all faith in the education of the masses. That this is important nobody would deny. But is it all? Is it true that "the great enemy of a cooperative state is not organized capitalist opposition"? It would seem rather that one of the many ways in which organized capitalism shows its opposition to the coöperative state is precisely in the educational and intellectual starvation of the masses.

In fact, Professor Mitchell's reluctance to give due weight to the capitalist opposition to socialism is complemented by a failure to give due weight to the role of the masses whose action can alone make possible the coöperative society. There is little danger about radicals getting "so close to the slow-moving body of workers that they are lost in the throng." It is the duty of radicals to "get close" and keep close to the masses of workers, most of whom are less radical or "slow-moving," in order to supply that vital and informed leadership necessary for the advancement of the whole labor movement. Ineffectual radicals get "lost in the throng." But is this not unfair to the vast majority of radicals? A radical worth his salt will make it his business to stay with the masses, rather than apart from them.

It does appear to us that Professor Mitchell's confidence in the automatic emergence of socialism, his disparagement of "mass movements," and his ignoring of the positive counter-revolutionary role of organized capitalism are all constituent parts of one general and harmful viewpoint. Rather than Professor Mitchell's last sentence we would write: "The mass may straggle unevenly behind, but will go forward to victory only when the advance guard maintains close contact with the host, which alone has the power to conquer."

Tortoise

AT least two important developments occurred in the British Labor Party since G. D. H. Cole wrote the article in this issue. On the question of Spain and non-intervention, the Labor Party Executive reversed its decisions completely. Whereas before, the Labor Party leadership unconditionally supported the government's Spanish policy, a recent declaration of the National Council of Labor stated that non-intervention amounted to indirect aid for Franco. It is still true, however, as Mr. Cole says, that the Labor Party leaders "try to boycott all movements for Spanish defense in which Communists are allowed to play any part." This means that the official leaders of the British labor movement are as yet not organizing the masses for a frontal attack on tory foreign policy.

It was this same British Labor Party leadership, in coöperation with the Swedish and Dutch Socialist parties, which forced de Brouckère, Adler and van Roosebroeck, president, secretary, and treasurer of the Labor and Socialist International respectively, to resign on the issue of united action with the Communist International.

When the three officials of the L.S.I. called the bluff of the right-wing, the latter decided to retreat. The Executive of the L.S.I. voted not to accept the resignations on the grounds that they "could not be accepted without endangering the action of the International itself." All three officials have agreed to return to their positions for the time being.

This involved a retreat on their part, for de Brouckère found it necessary to reject a proposal by George Dimitrov that a joint manifesto, based on the points upon which all agreed, be issued. De Brouckère's reason for this rejection was the necessity of maintaining the autonomy of the sections of the L.S.I. In other words, a common policy has been worked out, but the right-wing of the L.S.I., led by the British Labor Party, still prevents common action.

The Gadsden Inquiry

PERSECUTION of workers in Gadsden, Ala., is so great that a committee of clergymen and writers, which had been invited by the Gadsden Central Labor Union to investigate conditions there, had to conduct its hearings last week privately. The committee had been asked to investigate repeated violations of civil rights, which started about two years ago, exploded last year with the beating of H. S. Dalrymple, president of the United Rubber Workers' Union, and

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have culminated in a series of brutal beatings directed not only against union organizers but against all union members.

The committee was refused accommodation by local hotels. It was followed around by automobile loads of armed thugs in the employ of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. and Gulf States Steel (now owned by Republic), and had to be constantly protected by guards provided by the Central Labor Union.

The proceedings themselves had to be carefully guarded. The municipal auditorium and all public halls were refused for a mass meeting, and when the use of a privately owned cow pasture was obtained, an old ordinance was revived to restrain the union from circulating handbills announcing its whereabouts. The atmosphere was so charged that two Birmingham stenographers hired for the hearings made hurried departures, and two local stenographers had to be repeatedly assured that no harm would come to them.

Many of the witnesses had been kidnaped at the point of machine guns, or constantly threatened with the promise of future beatings. They testified to the identity and tactics of the thugs who work for the rubber, steel, and textile concerns, but pointed out that many of these thugs have been deputized by local police authorities, who threatened rather than protected the victims.

The committee promises a full report on the hearings, which represent a courageous attempt to focus public opinion on the denial of civil rights in the South.

After One Year in Spain

THE second year of the war in Spain opens far more auspiciously for democracy than did the first. The commonplace that "time is on the side of the loyalists" still holds good, and in increasing measure. This all-important fact should not be obscured by the terrible losses suffered by the republican forces at Bádajoz, Irun, Málaga, and Bilbao. The people's front has suffered huge setbacks, but (what is more to the point so far as the ultimate outcome of the war is concerned) it has in every case been able to get at the root of every loss and make repetition impossible. That way lies victory.

When the war broke out, the democratic forces, except for the Communist Party which had for months predicted and warned of just such a rebellion, were caught more or less by surprise. The conflict on, its seriousness and extent were tragically underestimated. When the insurrection in the Montaña Barracks in Madrid was put down, the highest officials in the government thought that the unpleasantness was over. Only later did they learn of Morocco, of Burgos, of Seville, of Majorca, and Saragossa.

The Republic had very little with which to defend itself—except the support of the people, the masses. The fascist had practically everything—except the support of the people, the masses. Almost the whole high command of the army inspired or supported the rebellion. Most of the regular army, the whole foreign legion, and a large part of the Civil Guard went over to the rebels. The shock of the revolt disorganized industry and agriculture; premature efforts at collectivization increased this rear-guard danger. Moreover, the government in power at that time included no working-class representatives from the Socialist, Communist, or Anarchist parties and thus did not hold the full confidence of the masses of people. Two powerful nations, Germany and Italy, were committed to full support of the fascists while the democratic powers refused to come to the aid of the republic, and the Soviet Union and Mexico were not immediately able to give that aid which soon they did.

This enumeration of the difficulties of the republic one year ago could be extended indefinitely. But what a change has come over the land today! The republic possesses a new, large, and powerful army (powerful enough now to take the offensive) and an even larger reserve. The European press reported that the French General Staff on or about June 1 completed a minute and exhaustive examination and study of the Italian defeat at Guadalajara. It came to the conclusion that, by and large, the best sections of the Spanish Republican Army were superior to the best Italian forces in Spain. The war industries in Catalonia and elsewhere are operating with unprecedented efficiency (considering the backward state of Spanish industry in the past). Most of the collectivization excesses are now disturbing memories, but not much more than that. A single command has at last been achieved. Internal foes—fascist, Trotskyist, and Anarchist "uncontrollables," have been effectively uncovered and curbed. The importance of this activity may be judged from the fact that, during the months of April and May, two hundred fascist agents were arrested in Madrid, among them high officers connected with the general staff, including Secretary Lugan of the Madrid general staff.

This enormous advance has been made possible because the people's front has converted every defeat into a positive source of gain by learning the lessons of defeat. When Bádajoz was taken by the fascists in August 1936, the Giral government gave way to the Caballero government which had a fuller measure of the people's confidence. When Toledo was captured by the fascists, Communists and Anarchists entered the Caballero government. When Madrid was under siege, the Communist campaign for a single command and a disciplined army was fulfilled to a limited extent, enough to make possible the defeat of the Italian fascists at Brihuega in March. When the Trotskyites staged their short-lived putsch in Barcelona on May 3, they precipitated their own elimination as allies of Franco. When Málaga was taken by the fascists without a battle, the Caballero government came to an end because it had outlived its usefulness and now constituted an obstacle to the success of the loyalist cause. Caballero obstinately refused to take resolute measures against the Barcelona putschists, and he neglected or opposed punishment of those generals responsible for the capitulation at Málaga. Thus came the Negrin government into power, and the effect of the change has already become evident. The fall of Bilbao hastened the preparations of the new government for a large-scale offensive. The martyrdom of Bilbao will soon be offset by the present offensive, which is destined to raise the siege of Madrid.

When the full story of the Spanish war comes to be told, this action and reaction, these setbacks followed by compensatory forward steps, will hold the key to the conflict. No war by the masses against reaction has been won without victory against the very greatest odds and seeming impossibilities. The Russian revolution was given up for lost many times, even after the initial victory of the Soviets in October, but it showed its vitality by putting to shame all its mourners. At one time, the Bolsheviks were beset by foes on fourteen different fronts backed or organized by Great Britain, France, the United States, and several of the lesser powers. The civil-war period lasted far into 1921, but time was then, too, on the side of the masses, for the masses themselves were united.

This faculty of mass movements to win against great odds was also exhibited by the American Revolution. Nobody expected Washington's ragged and hungry men at Valley Forge to defeat Britain's foreign legions. That war also dragged on for years. New York was not evacuated by the British until November 1783—eight years after Lexington and Concord!

It is said that the tree of liberty must be watered with the blood of patriots. The Spanish tree grows straight, and tall, and strong, for it is nourished with the most precious blood from every land, not least of all our own.

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Warrior Women

This intimate account of both sides reveals how the feminine cohorts work in the class struggle in steel

By Marion Hammett

MRS. JOHN BOGOVICH of Youngstown, O., has never heard of the *Wall Street Journal*. But then, Mrs. John H. Moore had never heard of John Bogovich. Though John Bogovich and Mr. Moore were both employed by Republic Steel, they did not belong to the same class at all. Nor did their wives. Whereby hangs a tale.

Few people realize how important a role women have played in the steel strike. To hear the "back-to-work" women of Youngstown tell their story, they were instrumental in making Governor Davey open the plants with the military as strike-breakers.

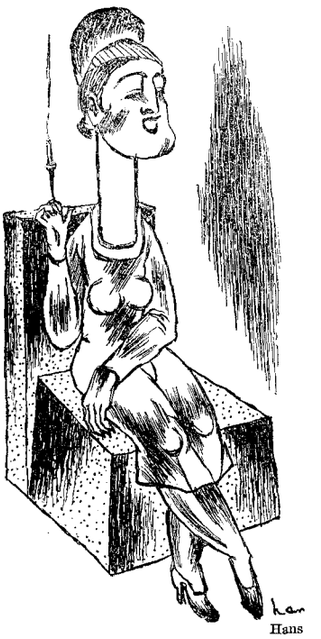
Not that they consider the open warfare of the civil authorities, the militia, and Governor Davey's moves against the S.W.O.C. as strike-breaking. They bandy the usual virtuous phrases about "law and order," "the right to work," and American democracy.

Considering the fact that these "back to work" ladies were all wives of steel men employed either by Republic or Youngstown Sheet & Tube, some of the reasons for their indignation against the C.I.O. were astonishing.

"To think," said Mrs. John H. Moore indignantly to me, "that the girl in the post-office would not allow me to mail the *Wall Street Journal* to my husband in the plant. He had to have reading matter, and how could he know what to do about his stocks and property without his financial paper?"

I left this problem unsolved—my mind was filled with thoughts of John Bogovich and his family. John was a steel worker out on strike. When Sheriff Elser's deputies began shooting tear-gas bombs into the midst of a group of women who were parading peacefully, Bogovich was one of the men who went to the rescue. He was shot and killed. Mrs. Bogovich knew only that her husband, like thousands of other strikers, wanted a signed contract with their employers. He had told her that a "bull-dog named Girdler" had refused to sign. Now her husband was dead, and she was alone. Her eyes no longer held tears—only bewilderment. John had been a quiet, peace-loving man. He had never harmed anybody. Why did they shoot him?

Mr. Moore had been a professor of physics at Ohio State University until Republic Steel offered him a research job—at a much bigger salary. Mr. Moore and his wife live in Poland Manor, which is the most exclusive section of the little town of Poland six miles from Youngstown. The houses there resemble the better homes in an exclusive New York suburb. There are wide, perfectly kept lawns,



two- and three-car garages, gardens, and private driveways. Only the "better elements" live here: those who can afford trips to Europe and membership in a country club.

"The men in the Youngstown mills," Mrs. Moore told me, "wanted to go back to work. The Independent Union had nine thousand signatures of loyal workers. But the plants stayed closed."

No one has as yet been able to verify those alleged nine thousand signatures. However, Mrs. Moore told me how she and a number of other women decided to take things into their own hands. With the aid of the Rotary Club, the Wholesale Merchants, the Chamber of Commerce, and other such organizations, they held their first women's meeting at the Central Auditorium on June 15. Mayor Lionel Evans of Youngstown and Sheriff Ralph E. Elser were invited to speak.

These back-to-work ladies say that there were one thousand women present at that meeting; but even the sympathetic *Vindicator* stated that there were only about two hundred and fifty. The sheriff assured the women that he would do everything to maintain "law and order" and that he would protect the men who wanted to go back to work. The mayor's telegram promised them that he "would protect the property and constitutional rights of the citizens."

The meeting was held publicly, but only women who presented a printed invitation could enter the auditorium. Mrs. Frank Greggs, wife of a C.I.O. organizer, and a few of her friends came in the hope that they would be able to present their side of the story. Mrs. Greggs was not given a chance to speak. The moment she expressed sympathy with the strikers, the elegant ladies screamed, "Throw her out! How did she get in here?"

"This is a meeting of the wives of independent workers of the mills," said Mrs. William H. Rodgers, chairman of the meeting. "We do not wish to hear the side of the C.I.O."

Mrs. Greggs and her friends left, fearing violence. Order restored, every woman at the meeting was urged to get her friends and relatives to send telegrams to Governor Davey. They were told to send as many as possible—"until Governor Davey realizes that we are in the majority."

When she had finished her account of this first meeting, Mrs. Moore removed several copies of the *Wall Street Journal* displayed prominently on the living-room couch, and suggested that we have coffee while she told me of the other methods which the women had used to get Governor Davey's help.

"We women did everything possible to get our men back to work. I telephoned Boake Carter a number of times and spoke to him. I assured him that his articles and broadcasts were in the true American spirit, and we were following his views regularly. He assured me that he would continue to write and broadcast in the same vein about the steel strike.

"Everywhere we went," she continued, "we were encouraged. The only people who ignored us were Mr. Farley and President Roosevelt. My husband is a staunch Republican, and he said that it was a disgrace that the administration should stand on the side of lawlessness and communism. That's all the C.I.O. is—lawlessness."

We ended our talk with a discussion of Mexico. Mrs. Moore and her husband are planning a trip there this summer—"when all this rumpus is over." She also promised to arrange a meeting for me with the other leaders of the back-to-work movement.

THE HOMES of the strikers presented an entirely different picture. The house in which Mrs. Sawicki lives is a small frame dwelling and poorly furnished. Four little youngsters were at her heels during the interview, with a fifth crying fretfully in a crib. She apologized for the disorder of the household. It was wash-day. And washing for a husband and five children under eight requires a good deal of time.

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"No, my husband he won't go back to work," she said. "He is a good union man. But we worry a lot. The radio said that everybody is going back today—and what will happen if my husband don't get his job back?"

This interview took place on the day the mills opened—June 25. The radio station in Youngstown, KWBN, had refused radio time to the strikers, but had raised no objection to the steel companies' propaganda. Throughout the day, announcers told listeners that thousands were pouring into the mill.

The Youngstown *Vindicator* did its part. There were extras out several times that day, with exaggerated figures of the numbers who were returning to work. There is only one newspaper and one local radio station in Youngstown. Their company propaganda had its effect. Some of the newly organized S.W.O.C. men began to worry.

Mrs. Chatak shared Mrs. Sawicki's fear for her husband's job. There were rumors that the steel mills would not take back men who had been on strike. Girdler had announced to the press that "the trouble with steel companies is that they always took back these agitators. We have no intention of doing so. We have long-range cameras to take pictures of the men who are on the picket lines."

On the roof of the building near Stop 14 of Youngstown Sheet & Tube, I saw a large searchlight as well as a long-range camera. It was pointed toward the C.I.O. headquarters, a half block from the mill entrance.

Despite her anxiety, Mrs. Chatak was friendly. She invited me into her living room. There were religious pictures on the wall and hand-embroidered curtains on the windows. The place was spotless. She laughingly apologized for her husband, who remained in the kitchen.

"He no speak English good," she said. "But he good union man. He not so young, though. Maybe they no take him back. Paper say everybody go back."

Her son came in then. A broad-shouldered, blond young man, with the high cheek-bones of the Slovak.

Harry Sternberg

"Don't you believe it, ma," he said. "Those rats would say anything to break the strike. They've pulled every kind of raw deal to break this strike, lady. Governor Davey said he sent the troops in to enforce law and order; but the companies are using them as strike-breakers. They chase our pickets, arrest any man who comes near the plant. I won't go back till that contract is signed—not me. I wouldn't trust them."

Mrs. Ferucci's sons felt differently. Papa and Mama Ferucci asked me to have a chair outdoors. It was warm, and Mama Ferucci asked if anyone wanted some cold lemonade. Their house on Federal Street was near the Briar Hill plant. The rear of the house faced railroad tracks and was covered with soot from the engines; but there was a neat vegetable garden in the backyard.

We sat on the bench near the garden patch. Mama Ferucci introduced her three sons, dark-eyed, handsome, and strong. The eldest has a wife and child. All of them live in the small, dingy, soot-covered house.

The second son looked a bit sheepish when asked how he felt about the steel strike. "Sure," he said, "I'm for the union. But we got some pretty tough neighbors who don't believe in a union. My brother here is no coward; but when a couple of the company thugs beat him up because he is on strike, you kinda get worried."

Mrs. Grady down the street was a bit worried too. Her husband had been unemployed for four years, and they had been on relief a long time before he got a job with Republic. There are four young children in the family. Their boarder was out on strike too.

Then, the landlord had told the Grady family that unless they paid the rent, they would have to get out of the house. No, her husband was no scab. But if they were dispossessed, where could they go without a job or money?

I DROVE OUT TO CAMPBELL, a strong union town. There was less fear and more confidence there. The mayor is up for reëlection in the fall, and did not care to antagonize the strikers. Their votes got him into office. Rose DiVinci was in charge of the S.W.O.C. relief kitchen at Campbell, where the men and their wives were fed. Those men who had children got their supplies at a union relief station. It was in this town that the women had an auxiliary with several hundred members.

Mrs. Frank Greggs was there in the Campbell kitchen. She is the C.I.O. organizer's wife who was driven out of the back-to-work ladies' meeting. Weighing just under a hundred pounds, she has the courage and energy of a pioneer woman. She is the mother of three girls under fifteen, but during the strike she worked sixteen hours a day—keeping records, mailing leaflets, and handling the endless details of a local strike headquarters.

Mrs. Greggs's family is one of the oldest in this country. In the letter which she had written to Mrs. Roosevelt, she said: "One of my ancestors had been a governor and another a well-known writer. I can only hope that the governor was a more humane man than Davey, and that the author who was my ancestor wrote more truthfully than the reporters on the *Vindicator*."

Frank Greggs had been one of the "representatives" under the company-union system. Mrs. Greggs told how the meetings were often held during working hours on company property. While the by-laws of the company union were being drawn up, the men often stayed at the plant after hours, and were paid time-and-a-half for overtime. Some of them were given bonuses. When the C.I.O. came to Youngstown, Greggs was one of the first to join. He has been an employee of Youngstown Sheet & Tube for fifteen years. His salary is seven dollars a day, but during the strike the company offered him more if he would return to work. But Mrs. Greggs stood firmly back of her husband in his determination not to scab.

In Warren, this same undaunted spirit prevailed among the strikers' wives. In fact, some Warren women had stronger convictions than their husbands—men who elected to stay in the plant after the strike was called. Here are excerpts from three letters which these wives sent to the Republic Mill. For obvious reasons I cannot divulge names and addresses.

"Lou dear: If you want an excuse about coming home, say the kids are sick."

"Well, honey, you think it over and come out if you want to. We'll get along okay. We've been in tighter spots than this."

"Dear Jack: I thought I'd better tell you that if you're weary as you sound, you had better come home. Don't stay there and work yourself to death just to earn a couple shekels. We'll get along the same as everyone else and it has to be settled one way or another, sooner or later."

Two other women in Warren actually swore out warrants for their husbands on the grounds of non-support in order to get their husbands out of the plant. They told me that they were ashamed to face old friends who called their husbands scabs.

The day Warren experienced its tense half-hour when the militia drove the crowd off the street at the bayonet's point, a small, gray-haired woman hid in the doorway. She was obviously American and middle-class. Her lips were trembling with fright. When it was over I asked what she thought of the strike.

"The rich people here in town don't like it a bit," she said. "I've livd here all my life, and I don't have anyone connected with the mills."

"But how do you feel about it?"

"Well, I'm poor myself—I think the strikers are right. I can't go against my class." Classes in America?

NEXT DAY, a telephone call came from Mrs. Moore, who had been so disturbed because she could not mail the *Wall Street Journal* to her husband. She had arranged the meeting with other women leaders of the back-to-

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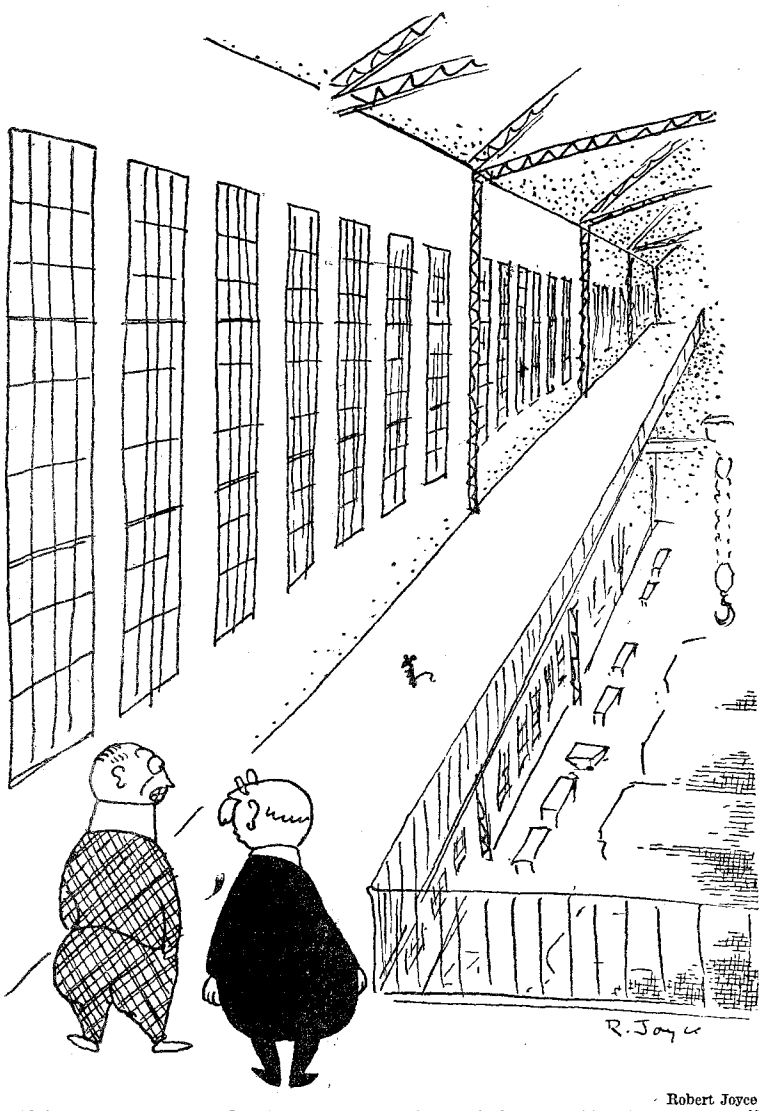
work group. We drove out to the home of Mrs. William H. Rodgers, their chairman. A Mrs. Mahoney was presented to me; but the third woman in the room was apparently a newcomer, because she was introduced not only to me but to Mrs. Moore. She was large —about five feet ten and probably weighing two hundred pounds. Her name was mumbled, but it sounded like "Belcher."

Before any of the others could say a word, this large woman began to shower me with questions. Whom did I write for? Did I have credentials? Was I married? Where did I live? Did I have anything to prove that I came from New York?

Having interviewed more than a dozen strikers' wives who had been open and friendly, this suspicion was astonishing. What did they fear, these women who were certain that they had not only justice and right on their side, but the authorities as well? Why these questions about my personal life?

Because I was anxious to have the story these women had to tell. I explained to them that I was doing research on the back-to-work movement in the strike area for a well-known conservative magazine. This was true enough. I had been commissioned by a staff member to gather material on strike women for a quite different publication from NEW MASSES.



Robert Joyce

"If you stand right here and holler, 'The strike is broken!' —the echo comes back, 'The strike is broken!' Nice."

My friendly and sympathetic manner allayed their fears. The women began to talk more easily. Often, however, "Mrs. Belcher" shook her head warningly at Mrs. Moore, who was willing to tell everything she knew. Twice, Mrs. Moore said aloud, "She's all right; Mr. Gray said she interviewed him too." Mr. Gray is a member of the Independent Union.

Mrs. Rodgers, the chairman, is gray-haired and not a particularly aggressive person. Prior to her marriage she had taught school. She is a member of the National Council of Catholic Women, and is the mother of five grown children.

Her husband is a foreman in the scarfing and chipping inspection department of Republic. He is a man between fifty-five and sixty, and his salary is a pretty good one. His son, who had attended college for three years, is also employed by Republic; so are the Rodgers's son-in-law and a daughter who is a stenographer. They are all white-collar workers. The house in which the family lives is a very large and comfortable one, though not pretentious. The Rodgerses are a typical middle-class family.

Mrs. A. S. Glossbrenner, another active member of the group, had sent her regrets. She had another engagement. However, I had spoken to Mrs. Glossbrenner over the telephone several days before. Wife of a mill superintendent, Mrs. Glossbrenner is one of the wealthiest women in the group.

"After the first meeting," she told me on the phone, "the women thought they had finished the job. They wanted to go back to their bridge. Goodness knows," she added with a laugh, "I miss my own bridge game; but I felt that we should make this a permanent organization. It is up to us to see that these C.I.O. men are driven out of Youngstown."

The women in Mrs. Rodgers's home had the same views about the C.I.O. They assured me that they did not object to unions—but why not the Independent Union?

"My husband has been with Republic Steel for more than twenty years," said Mrs. Rodgers. "He was always treated well and promoted regularly. They pay him a good salary. My children are employed there, too. Everything was fine until the C.I.O. came."

Mrs. J. S. Mahoney, whose husband and son are employed by Youngstown Sheet & Tube—the son in the works' accountancy department—told a long story of how much the company had done for her family. They were quite satisfied, and her family earned good salaries. Why, Frank Purnell himself came up from the ranks. The Independent Union was fine. It made the employees more like members of one big family.

"Except those poor foreigners," said Mrs. Mahoney. "They don't know any better. They listen to the C.I.O. men and believe their promises. Why the contract they want signed actually gives the men poorer wages and longer hours."

"My family voted for Roosevelt," said Mrs. Rodgers, "but now that he is working with this man Lewis and is upsetting business, we are sorry we didn't vote for Landon. Now Hoover was a fine man—he would never have approved of a Red union."

"When I read *It Can't Happen Here,* I thought the idea was just imagination," said Mrs. Mahoney. "Now I know it isn't. It's happening right here in Youngstown, at least until we get rid of John Lewis."

Mrs. Moore joined in then to say that their group of women had the best people in town back of them. The Rotary Club, the civic clubs, bankers, the wholesale and retail merchants, and the Chamber of Commerce.

"We women really won this fight," said Mrs. Moore. "We went to Columbus to talk to the governor. We went to tell him that we had ten thousand people who felt the way we did. Because of the wrong train, we arrived at three in the morning."

She related with pride how he received them even at that hour. "Well, ladies," he told them smilingly, "I beat you to it. I gave orders to open the plants today and the militia will protect the men who want to go back."

When Mrs. Moore and I left the Rodgers home, Mrs. Moore told me that the women had whispered to her that "Mrs. Belcher" had been sent by the sheriff to be sure that I had credentials. After Mrs. Glossbrenner spoke to me over the telephone, she decided that I must be a C.I.O. "spy." She telephoned Mrs. Moore and asked her to be sure to call the police the moment I came near her home. Mrs. Glossbrenner had even called the sheriff to ask him to investigate me.

"You know how funny women are," said Mrs. Moore laughingly. "They thought maybe you were a spy and carried bombs. I never heard of this Mrs. Belcher—she whispered to me later that that wasn't her real name. I think she is a politician. Some of these women are interested in bigger things—politics. But I think we ought to work to make this a permanent organization to prevent a recurrence of the C.I.O."

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A Socialist on the People's Front

The professor of political economy at Johns Hopkins argues for a permanent advance guard: the united front

By Broadus Mitchell

AS I understand it, the chief incentive at this time for a people's front in the United States is the fear of fascism here. This is held by many to justify soft-pedaling of the demand for a coöperative society, in favor of active working relationship between radicals and organized workers and other merely progressive groups.

I wonder whether the fear of fascism in this country is not too insistent, and whether the swallowing up of radical advocacy would not be an unnecessary sacrifice.

It is clear to me that there should be the closest teamwork between all who believe that our problems can be solved only through the substitution of a coöperative for a capitalist society. This means, chiefly, a united front of the Communist and Socialist parties. Our theoretical and tactical differences are slight as contrasted with our broad similarity of objective.

I have very little patience with the divisions within each of these parties, and less patience with the energetic criticisms of Socialists by Communists and the other way round. Perhaps I am uninformed and inexperienced, and thus do not appreciate the importance of the causes of conflict. But I put my complaint on very simple grounds. Relatively few of the American people know of our internal differences, and fewer understand them. They are the staple of intra-radical debate, but they never reach the people whose opinions we are supposed to be influencing. The foolishness of these quarrels among ourselves is evident from another fact. The great enemy of a coöperative order is not organized capitalist opposition, but the ignorance and indifference of the millions. The only effective attack upon this slothful public mentality is constant teaching in exceedingly simple terms.

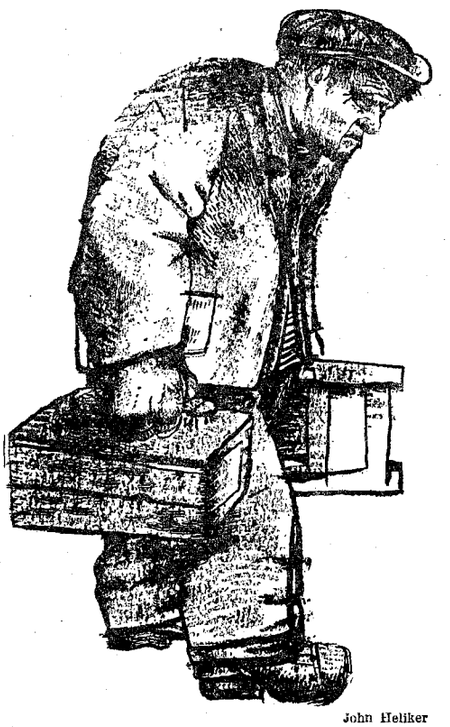
That sort of advocacy, instead of being subordinated, should be emphasized. In order to lead the labor movement, radicals should not get so close to the slow-moving body of workers that they are lost in the throng. It seems to me that Mr. Browder, if I understand some of his writings, is in danger of being more the comrade than the counselor. Socialists and Communists must think of themselves, in the next years, as educators rather than as important political parties. True, we must have enough voting adherents to keep ourselves on the ballots, and to prevent the drying up of our springs. But for a while yet, it strikes me, we must beckon rather than lead the great mass which will one day demand and make a collectivist society in America.

We constantly chafe because we have little direct power. But two rewards we do possess. One is influence out of all proportion to our numbers, and the other is dignity and consistency.

As to the first, we make important forward steps much easier for the old parties than they would be if we had not urged these steps for years beforehand. By our lonesome perseverence we take the curse off certain proposals, so that they are tolerably familiar and seem not so heinous by the time conservative groups are compelled to embrace them.

AS TO dignity and consistency of radical demands, it is worth something to be free of the vexations of opportunism. Ally ourselves too closely with lagging mass movements, and we are driven to all sorts of shifts to reconcile theory with practice. Particular leaders, however progressive and promising, are apt to change and disappoint us. Rather than forced explanations, false excuses, and disingenious moderation, give me the voice crying in the wilderness. It will carry farther, and the echo will ring longer.

I am prompted to this optimism by the conviction that time works on the side of purity of judgment. In my judgment, no matter what radicals do, the drift in this country is inevitably toward a collectivist society. The next depression or the next war will witness degrees of government intervention in economic life never dreamed before. Subsidy, control, incentive are going to be supplied not by individuals, but by organized society. We shall be unable to live, let alone make the most of our abundant opportunities, without organized direction. The devolution of capitalism—quite as swift in the relatively prosperous times ahead as in the slump which will ensue—is hastening us to such social decisions as radicals could never produce. We must be ready, in society's coming dismay, to point to an exit and find ourselves trusted as guides. That can be done only if we remain true to our beliefs—true in our public utterances as well as in our own minds.



John Heliker

It is a mistake to be shy of social theory. If ever the world could afford to see a few people set aside to think out its largest problems, now is the time.

But Socialists and Communists cannot be good standard-bearers of the coming economic order unless they march together. Why our disputes and jealousies and back-biting? We exchange positions so often on important points that a sense of humor alone should persuade us to unite. One year the Communists are the dogmatists, with the Socialists more conciliatory and "realistic." A little while passes, and the Socialists are the economic ascetics, while the Communists mingle in the marts. At one time the Socialists eschew all violence, while the Communists are believers in class war. Later on Socialists are the more vigorous in recruiting volunteers for Spain. Mere increasing age is apt to alter a man's views; his economics changes with his metabolism. Then why harp on differences?

MY impression is that natural resources and human ingenuity in America are too great, and the democratic tradition too real, to make fascism a likely development here. The task of radicals, then, is not hurriedly to muster the workers to prevent their being instantly overwhelmed by capitalist governmental dictatorship. Rather we radicals are for some years yet to be pioneers, explorers, scouts spying out the land ahead and bringing back reports of its abundant promises.

The front I want is a front of leaders with courage, imagination, endurance. The mass will straggle unevenly behind, but will be farther forward because the advance guard stays in advance, and does not scuttle back to camp with the host every night.

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The Lion and the Lamb

The British national government and the Labor Party leadership have been cohabiting cosily, but a changed relationship threatens

By G. D. H. Cole

INDUSTRIALLY, the British labor movement appears to be waking up fast under the influence of the rearmament boom and the consequent fall in unemployment among the skilled workers, except in the depressed areas. But politically, British labor still remains, over a large part of the country, fast asleep; the industrial awakening will have to go a great deal further before any corresponding ferment is set up in the Labor Party as a whole. I stress this point at the very outset because I think the situation is widely misunderstood abroad. The dispute between the official leadership of the Labor Party and the advocates of working-class unity bulks so large in the newspapers and in the minds of an active minority of Socialists and Labor leaders that it is very easy to overlook the fact that the main body of trade unionists and even of Labor Party members has so far neither taken sides nor evinced any real interest in the struggle.

For an explanation of the present divisions in the ranks of British labor, both industrial and political, it is necessary to go back to the general strike of 1926 and to the collapse of the labor government in 1931. The general strike, a hopelessly mismanaged affair from start to finish, was never meant to happen; the threat of it was a piece of bluff which was never meant to be called. Consequently, no preparations were made for conducting it. There was no sufficient recognition that a general strike, however purely "industrial" its objects might be, was bound to be treated as a political challenge by the government in power, and put down with all the resources of the state. The strike, once called, could not possibly succeed unless it went far enough actually to pull down the government and put a Labor government in its place. But the leaders had no thought of doing this, which would have amounted to a revolution. Therefore, the strike was bound to fail, and to leave behind it a legacy of serious disillusionment.

THE collapse of 1926 left the trade-union movement with its funds practically exhausted, open to widespread victimization at the hands of employers. In the next few years membership seriously declined, and the movement was quite incapable of conducting any large-scale strike. The economic depression which began in 1929 involved further loss of membership and delayed the rebuilding of resources. Even today, the trade-union movement is far poorer than it was before 1926; and its leadership, mindful of the state of its coffers, and fearful of another real trial of strength with the forces of capitalism, is very reluctant to take any risks despite the obvious opportunities presented to it by the armament boom.

The general strike weakened the trade unions; but for the time it strengthened political Labor; for political action seemed to offer a means of retrieving lost positions. But the Labor government of 1929-31 speedily disillusioned its supporters. The ignominious collapse which finally drove it from office immeasurably weakened Labor's political position among the electors. Faced with the treason of its best-known political leaders, the Labor Party membership at first reacted leftwards, and the Labor Party Conference of 1932 declared emphatically, against the wish of the platform, in favor of a more advanced socialist policy. The leaders, however, remained for the most part the same people who had followed Mr. MacDonald between 1929 and 1931, and the policy which they desired to pursue was still just as gradualist as ever. Moreover, the defection of MacDonald and Snowden had seriously weakened the influence of the socialist non-trade-union elements within the party; and the trade-union leaders, in their mood of industrial pacifism, threw their weight heavily on the side of a right-wing political policy. Accordingly, the leftward swing of 1932 did not last long. At subsequent conferences the trade unions and the right-wing leaders had matters mostly their own way.

"What did finally happen to Ramsay MacDonald?"

This is still the situation; but matters have been complicated by the change of policy in the Soviet Union since the consolidation of fascist aggressive power. This has made the Communists sincerely eager for a working-class united front against fascist aggression, whereas previously their advocacy of working-class unity took rather the form of endeavoring to detach the working-class from allegiance to "reactionary" leaders. As the Communists began working sincerely for unity, there appeared inside the Labor Party an organized left wing, pursuing the same objective. Among both groups the desire for united anti-fascist action was, of course, greatly strengthened by the outbreak of the fascist rebellion in Spain and by the obvious intention of Germany and Italy to stir up fascism at every opportunity and within every country.

If the only question had been one of anti-fascism, it would have been possible to unite the entire labor movement, except the extreme pacifist wing headed by George Lansbury, behind a policy of collective democratic resistance to fascist aggression. But there were cross-currents. In the first place, the right-wing leaders of the Labor Party were afraid that any hint of common action with the Communists would prejudice their chances of capturing the moderate voters, and, even more, that it would provoke a development of fascism in Great Britain. They had hopes, like the German Social-Democrats before them, that if they sufficiently affirmed their respectability, the ruling classes would not feel it necessary to hire thugs to bang them over the head. This view appears to me to be singularly mistaken; but it is nevertheless quite widely held in private, though seldom affirmed in public, among "moderate" Labor men.

Much more important, however, from the standpoint of its influence on the official attitude towards working-class unity was the stand taken by the trade-union leaders. Politically, the Communists have been, for the past year or two, on their best behavior, becaus

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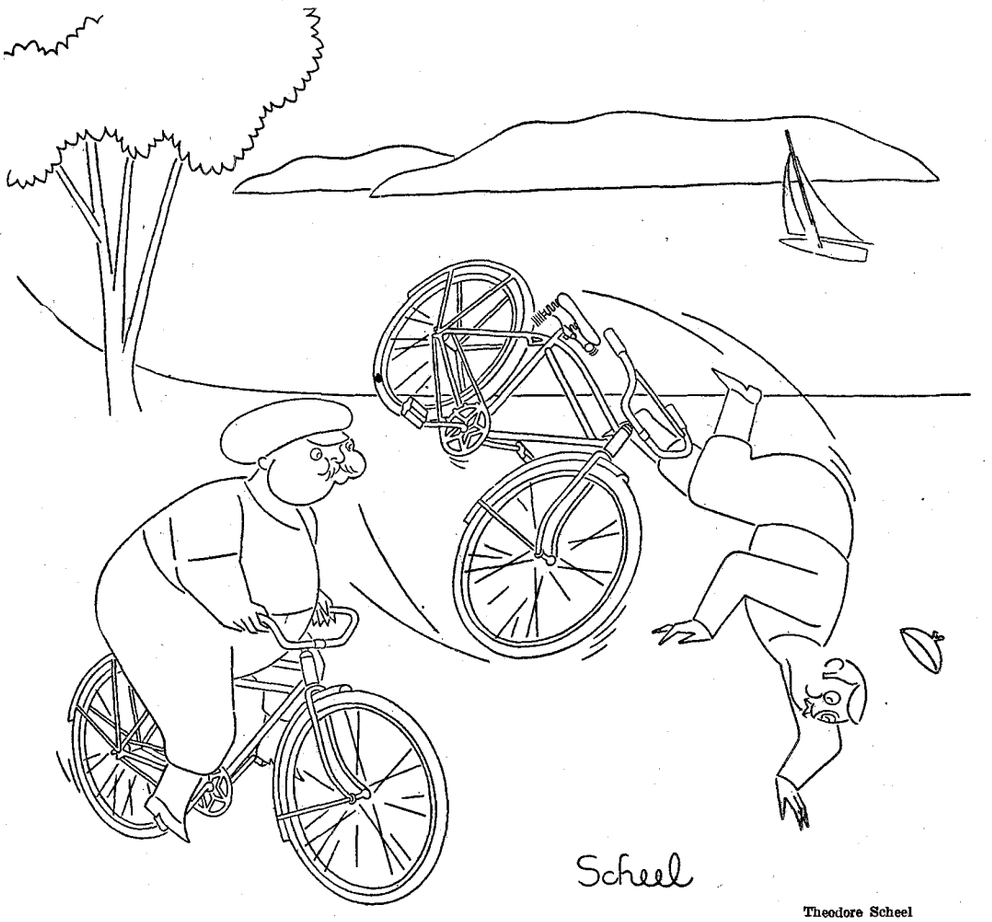
they do sincerely believe in the necessity for rallying all the progressive forces for the struggle against fascism and war. But industrially the Communists feel under no obligation to behave like "good boys"; on the contrary they have been doing their level best to stir up unrest inside the trade unions and to bring about strikes under the conditions of increasing capitalist prosperity, in the belief not only that such a policy would greatly improve working-class conditions, but also that, by creating a more militant temper in the minds of the workers, it would further the political prospects of the united front.

Now the trade-union leaders are determined to check this "subversive" influence—for so they regard it—inside the unions. They are determined to honor agreements with employers and to proceed towards improved conditions only by the regular constitutional methods of collective bargaining, and at their own pace. They see quite clearly that to admit the Communists to the Labor Party, and thus give them official recognition as friends and comrades, would immensely strengthen Communist influence inside the trade unions—perhaps even to the extent of changing the leadership. Dominant in the Labor Party, they return a flat negative to every proposal for unity which in any way involves toleration of the Communist Party. This is not true of all trade unions—the miners, for example, favor Communist affiliation by a majority—but it is true of the Trades Union Congress General Council, which is the official spokesman of the movement as a whole. Most rank-and-file trade unionists probably have no decisive view either the one way or the other.

THESE are the circumstances under which the Labor Party Executive has disaffiliated the Socialist League from the party, and is now threatening individual expulsion of Labor Party members who continue to associate with Communists in the unity campaign. The Socialist League, under the leadership of Stafford Cripps, has been the center of attack because it formally associated itself with the Communist Party and with James Maxton's I.L.P. —which is almost negligible except on the Clyde—in the unity campaign. But there are many supporters of unity who are not in the Socialist League, and have been prevented from taking part in the unity campaign, not by disagreement with its principles, but on the ground that tactically it took the wrong line. This group will do its best to prevent the Labor Party Executive from expelling any individual on account of his unity activities, and will put up a good fight against the Executive when the Labor Party Conference meets in October. I believe this middle section not only includes a very large proportion of the individual Socialists within the party, but would, if it could get together in order to make its influence felt, secure the support of a majority of locals of the Labor Party and of trade union branches interested enough to take sides at all. Whether I am right in this opinion has, however, still to be seen.



Theodore Scheel

"Montague, must you continually remind me of my Hearst stock?"

In the meantime the Labor Party Executive holds on its way, uninfluenced by the large mass of protest which its policy has provoked. It has recently issued a new "Short Program," and is now launching a national propaganda campaign in its support and urging all members of the party to rally behind the program and the campaign, and to cut all connection with unofficial movements of the Left. Moreover, this campaign is to be organized by Mr. Herbert Morrison, who is undoubtedly the ablest leader on the official side, and has recently gained prestige by his renewed electoral victory in London where he is leader of the Labor majority on the County Council and is undoubtedly doing good work.

On the question of the Spanish war there is no clear-cut opposition between the official and the left-wing groups. The main reason why the official party and the official trade-union movement appear to take so reactionary a line about Spain is not that they are against helping the Spanish government, but that they are unfortunately less eager to help it than they are determined to have nothing to do with Communism. Accordingly, they try to boycott all movements for Spanish defense in which Communists are allowed to play any part, and try to prevent Labor men who realize the overmastering importance of the Spanish issue from appearing on any platform, or on the committee of any society, side by side with known Communists. This myopic attitude towards the Spanish situation is, of course, quite indefensible, and disastrous; but it is important to realize what lies behind it. It is unfortunately weakening very seriously the effectiveness of the pressure which the Left can exert in Great Britain, and enabling the British government to follow with impunity a thoroughly reactionary line in relation to Spanish affairs.

I HAVE tried in this article to describe the British situation as it is with a minimum of illusions, and in restrained and dispassionate language. This does not mean that I do not feel strongly about it. The official leaders, hysterically affected by Communist-phobia, are quite unable to see straight what is happening in world affairs, or to realize how easily all their little plans for socialism by installments will be swept away—or indeed, how easily they themselves will be swept away—if fascist reaction is allowed to dominate Europe. The task of those of us who do see these things is to make the rank and file of the Labor movement see them too. But it is of vital importance that we should do this, to the utmost extent to which it can be done, from inside the Labor Party and trade-union organizations; for if we allow ourselves to be thrust out just now, there is grave danger that we may lose our chance of speaking effectively to the main body of the working class, with whom loyalty to the twin machines that have been built up over a long period of struggle still counts for a great deal.

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Norene

Sam Ferris took care of his boys, getting them not only fights with set-ups, but feminine companionship as well

By Edward Newhouse

THE day he got me that semi-final spot in Fort Wayne I knew I would sign with him. I had stalled him off until I made sure he could do me good, but as soon as I collected my end of the purse, I knew Sam Ferris would be my next manager. He had four other boys, a feather, two middleweights, and Tiny Gomez, who rated space in the Chicago papers because he was taller than Carnera and weighed as much. Sam never for a moment thought Gomez would get any place, and he was thinking ahead when he asked me to sign. I was thinking back about the four rounds I went in Grand Rapids for twenty dollars, no expenses.

In Fort Wayne Sam got me a hundred, as well as a wonderful little Italian opponent, not exactly made to order but almost as good. All that kid had was a scowl and a forward shuffle that probably made him look relentless to some customers. After the fight he removed the scowl, and, although he could hardly stand on his feet, he wobbled over to my corner and asked if I was all right. It was the politest bout I had since the amateurs, and I was grateful to Sam.

ALL THE way back to Chicago Sam was shooting breeze about the promoters he'd gone to school with, and the cousins he had, one a precinct captain, the other an alderman in New York. By Valparaiso he had me fighting Barney Ross and preparing for a tour of Europe. I liked him. For one, he said he'd been in the ring himself and had no "they can't hurt us" ideas. Then as soon as we pulled in at the station, he phoned somebody and came out of the booth with another semi-final cinched for two weeks ahead.

"Whom do I fight?" I said grammatically.

He named a name and said I would not have any trouble. That made me feel very good. Had he put the contract in front of me then, I would have signed it.

"I'm no racketeer," Sam said. "I make my living off fighters so I take care of them. Don't that make sense?"

"Sure."

"You got a girl?"

"Why?"

"Now don't get me wrong. You're free,

Lithograph by Hirschfeld

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white, and twenty-one. I'm not going to try and run your life for you. All I asked is if you got a girl."

"No," I said.

"And that's all I asked. Getting dosed ruined the best boy I ever had, and I know this ain't your town, and I don't want you wolfing it up with the first tramp hustler you meet. I keep a healthy girl that's good to my string and to nobody else. Tonight I'll take you up to the place, and if you like her, all right. If you don't, I'll see that you get your pick of a few others who are healthy. But this one is good-looking, and you'll like her. Her name's Norene. And I don't want you giving her money because I take care of that. You give her money, and she'll go back to the folks in Weston."

"Does she want to go back?" I said. I was just twenty-one, and Norene was a beautiful name, and she was probably a beautiful girl whom I would save from a life of shame, and back home in Weston she would pray for me every night, especially the night I'd be fighting Ross for the championship. Two pearly tears of happiness would roll down her cheeks as the announcer counted ten over Barney.

"You never know," Sam Ferris said. "I do all right by her. Anybody can get along with me. I had Norene doing this for about six months now, and she never kicks. Give them enough rope and they'll skip, though. You want to go see her?"

We dropped our bags at his place. He had the cab wait and then drive us to a house off Washington Park. On the way he still piled it on hot and heavy about the things he was going to do for me, but I was thinking of Norene who turned out altogether different from what I had imagined. My Norene had been blonde and languorous. This one was dark and not beautiful, only good-looking, and small. I couldn't help thinking of Tiny Gomez.

Etching by Ralph Rabin

SHE WAS alone in a well-furnished but badly lit room and she looked at me only after Sam Ferris told her he was signing me up. He said I was a good kid, and she ought to take care of me. Norene didn't answer and kept looking at me until I had to turn away. We all had a drink, and Sam warned me against getting tanked, and he stood up, said: "See you tomorrow." She went with him to the door and they remained in the hall for some time, talking. The radio she was supposed to listen in on while I beat Ross was in a corner, but the station had just signed off for the night. I had forgotten that the radio I thought of was really in Weston where her parents lived. I wondered if Sam had noticed how drunk she was. When she came back, she saw me replacing the cork.

"You think I'm too drunk?" she said.

"No."

"I'm drunk," she said, "but not too drunk. So you're signing up with Sam Ferris. What did he tell you about me?"

"Nothing much."

"The hell he didn't. He told you I was signed up with him too in a different way, but that's where he's a goddamned liar. I don't have to do a goddamned thing he tells me, him or anybody else. He can go to hell and take his fighters with him."

I got up and I said, "You could have told me that five minutes ago so Sam would have paid the carfare."

"You don't have to go," Norene said, uncorking the bottle. "Only I don't want you to get the wrong idea. How'd you get to sign up with Sam Ferris? What's an educated boy like you doing in the ring anyway?"

She sounded as though she wanted to reclaim me from *my* life of shame, and I smiled at the notion, and she got sore at me for smiling. I said I hadn't had any more education than she, and I asked where she had gone to school, wondering if she'd mention Weston.

"Sam Ferris is paying my way through finishing school," Norene said.

We both began drinking, and I got so drunk I did not know where I was or what I was doing. In the morning I woke up alone in the apartment. There was little I remembered, but I had no hangover. I came late to the office, and they told me Sam would be down at the gym.

SAM WAS working that musclebound slugnut Gomez. He had my contract with him, and I read it. I could not look at that round-heeled bastard Gomez without thinking of Norene. I used to be sorry for him on account of the pastings he took, but then I felt like telling him to go back to swinging a grappling hook in San Diego where he belonged. I watched Sam's featherweight working two rounds with a bantam, and I was beginning to see why he'd handed me that fine contract. Still and all, it was a fine contract, and I knew Sam Ferris could do me a lot of good. We started for the notary public, but one of the crums came downstairs and said I was wanted on the phone.

The girl's voice said, "This is Norene. How do you feel? Did you tell Sam Ferris what I said about me not working for him?"

"No."

"Well, don't. He's liable to get sore. I do work for him, you know. I told you he was a goddamned liar, but he ain't. I guess now you think I am."

"No. I don't think so."

"Well, maybe I am," she said. "Only don't tell him what I said because he won't like it a bit."

I told her I wouldn't, but she made me promise again and again.

Back in the gym I said to Sam, "What kind of hold have you got on this girl Norene?"

"I ain't got any kind of hold over her," Sam said. "Has she been complaining?"

"Not a bit. Would you wonder if she did?"

"Would I wonder? You ask me, would I wonder? Where do you think I found the girl before I set her up in that apartment? She's getting uppity now and proud, but I picked her out of the gutter. She got no kick coming."

★ ★ ★

The Melancholy Railings

Here you come with your old music,
A clear case of arrested development!
And with your twilights, chilly ones,
Whispering of newspapers scraping in the wind.

Take your alphabet to the drawing-rooms,
To the phthisic old ladies who hobble on Fifth Avenue
With black poodles bobbing on their bosoms,
Wheeze it to the harps of the mystical individualists.

I have been seduced by the bricklayer of daylight
Flicking his trowel over the fresh walls.
The adult anger of the crowd has got me
Trampling the broad lawns without a bound.

HAROLD ROSENBERG.

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READERS' FORUM

A Lincoln Battalioneer's story of his baptism of fire on the Jarama front

● Our brief training was cut short by the American Battalion being called to the front. The boys whooped it up generally for an hour or so about what they were going to do to those damn fascists and the seeming holiday they were entering upon. But in a short time they began to realize that this was war they were going to—and everything war means. But all honor to the American volunteers; practically none cracked under the strain. I know I for a short time felt qualms in the place where my food should be digested. Yes, the boys are heroes, but at the same time human beings with the urge to live—they went not because they loved to fight for fighting's sake.

Dan and I and twenty-two others were on guard duty the day of embarkment and were left behind seemingly as the forgotten men for eight days. We had the all-important task of guarding some ancient mattresses and a few blankets from the fascists approximately one hundred miles away. You can appreciate the honor we felt at being given this important job. The first few days we cursed every one from our company leader to Largo Caballero for leaving us out of the fight but afterwards settled down to eight days of sun-bathing, swimming in icy cold water, eating, and guard duty.

At last the General Staff under Miaja decided we twenty-four Americans were needed to end this war, and we were called to the front. We met Bob and a few other friends and went together in a body to the second lines. Up to this point we more or less understood what war meant. We all remembered our Sherman—"War is hell." But we all laughed and took life rather easily. The main topic of conversation, as you can imagine, was the usual dirty stories —the more smudgy the better.

We received our first taste of war when we were told the sound *whee-e-e-e-e* was the bullet that missed us by perhaps only a few inches. The *pop-pop* (the slight noise popcorn makes while being heated) was the noise of an explosive bullet that missed you and imbedded itself in the earth somewhere in the immediate vicinity. At this point it really was funny to see the hunched backs of the fellows who but a few minutes previous were disobeying orders and walking around unconcernedly, chatting as if they were on 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue.

A few of us were sitting in a dugout chatting about nothing when *wheeezzz—BOOoomb!* We dropped automatically, scared silly; small rocks and earth covered us. We lay still, too frightened to move, then slowly uncovered ourselves, feeling our bones and limbs. All we suffered were a few scratches on our hands and faces. It was a shell sent by the fascists to remind us of the war and was delivered just twenty feet away. I sure was glad Franco did not know my correct address. At this point we heard a piece of music much greater than even Beethoven's Third: the whining whistle of our big shells as they fly over our heads and the muted *boom* as they land somewhere in fascist territory. By this time the dirty stories were more forced.

A call for volunteers was made to bring supplies to the front lines. Dan and I and a few others went. In a few minutes we were for the first time under direct machine-gun and rifle fire, but luckily it was desultory. We delivered our materials, took a few pot-shots, and returned to our lines, to sleep. The next day we again carried supplies. Now we were veterans!

One night in early spring Dan and I were on guard duty. We were told by our commanding officer to be prepared to move at a moment's notice. I can assure you that my blood pressure jumped about sixty points. After a nerve-racking night we moved into the lines at four-thirty a. m. Dan and I were separated by our officers and placed in positions filling vacancies in the line. Dan was placed at the left end, I at the extreme right about five hundred yards away. We were told we were going over the top at ten a. m. The Americans, being at the apex of the salient, were depended upon to help crack the fascists, which, if completely successful, would bottle them in a three-way pincer.

At eight-thirty we began rapid fire with everything we had. About nine-thirty word was sent for a few volunteer hand-grenadiers, who were to lead the attack. Dan and others near the staff headquarters immediately volunteered. They took none from the right side of our trench because they had more than enough. Dan sent word to me he was going over with the Irish boys, and wished me luck. We had no time to see each other before the attack.

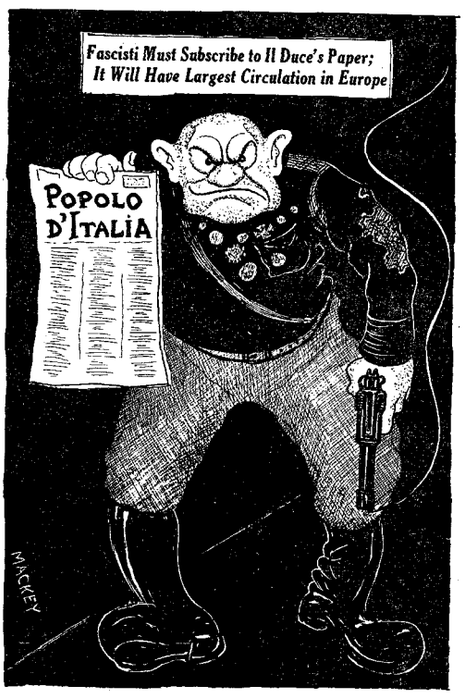
At ten the attack began. We went over the top in a disciplined and courageous manner in groups of five. At this point I wish to inject strong criticism of the stupid stories about the boys going over with songs in their hearts. We all were scared out of our wits—feared like all hell the machine-gun bullets which seemingly and, as we learned in a few seconds, actually covered every inch of no-man's land. I for one felt rather limp, but I guess our training in the movement gives us something or other; not one of the Americans refused to go over.

We made a dash for the first olive tree, two of us using it as protection from the singing death. This is funny: I turned and asked my comrade, "What the hell do we do next?" He answered, "How the hell do I know—let's go forward!" We went, separating, and dashing low for the trees in front of us.

A friend of mine, Clyde, fell like a sack of flour, without a sound. I tried to pull him to a tree, it was useless—half his head was shot away by an explosive bullet. I went forward.

(I have read how some of our boys died with their fists clenched in salute. One does not die giving salutes. One falls like Clyde did—like any animal felled by a sledge-hammer. This "haloizing" of us must stop—the truth is so much more honest and powerful.)

We made a few short dashes until the remainder of my group had advanced approximately 120 yards and then rested and waited for orders. Our position being a poor one, we decided to make a dash for a stone wall. Before we could reach our objective, a machine-gun burst got most of us. We all dug feverishly and built small trenches to protect ourselves. Lying next to me was a dead body (I think a fascist who was shot down in a previous attack of theirs—if so, it is the only fascist I have seen during my stay in Spain) which I used as a partial barricade. Then, after firing my rifle until I was too weak, I spent my time digging deeper and deeper.



John Mackey

Later I was told by some boys of the Irish section that Dan and the other hand-grenadiers of his group were mowed down in a criss-cross concentration of machine-gun fire—only two of the group got back safely. He died in the front of the attack—carrying out orders. I hope the Y.C.L.ers back home will remember this.

I was hit at approximately ten-twenty a. m. I returned to the trenches at nine-thirty p. m. That ten hours in no-man's land is an experience I would hate to live over again. Every minute I expected a counter-attack—I had my rifle and bayonet ready for use, but knew it was useless. It would have meant immediate death to try creeping back in broad daylight under what experts term the heaviest concentration of fire since the World War. Well, I took the only course of action: stay put! I wish I could describe my feelings, but it is impossible, so I will have to stick to happenings.

At around five in the afternoon it began to rain: a cold drizzle which turned the soft earth under me to mud, the clothes on my back to a hard crust of ice. God must love me, as I soon fell asleep from the wetness and loss of blood and therefore had a few hours of peaceful rest.

At nine-thirty a comrade shook the body next to me—it did not move. He shook mine—I did not move. He shook again and I awakened. "Hello, Segal." "Are you hit? Where?" "In my foot." "Shall I help you?" "No, I will try to run." I tried, but couldn't. I started to creep back. Segal stayed with me until I told him to help someone else who might be able to use him. He left. A few seconds later another American came over to help me. He tried until almost by force I chased him away.

What heroes those boys were that night who went over time and again to help the wounded! Only the working class and anti-fascists can produce them! Knowing that the fellows would try to bring in our wounded, the fascist bastards kept blasting away most of the night with their machine-guns.

It took what seemed an eternity to creep back, but luckily the machine-gun fire in my direction either was missing or in my excited condition I could not hear the *whee-e-ing*. I reached our lines safely, and then the fun began.

There was a shortage of stretchers and I had to creep back over a quarter of a mile through mud and filth on my fanny. Comrades tried to help me, but as the sandbags were down it was impossible without exposing our heads to fire. While crawling, I had a scare—a trench-mortar shell landed thirty yards from our trench, doing no damage whatever. At last I reached the dressing station—and then began the trek down the mountainside to the road. A trek down ski-paths of ice and sleet. It was hard on me, yes, but when I think of the two Americans who had to carry me most of the way, it seems as if I was carried on a feather bed.

Then the ambulance—which broke down for two hours—first base hospital—operation without anæsthetic of any kind, due to shortage—pain that gripped my entire body for hours and then merciful sleep. Then hospital. It turned out that the muscle of the foot was completely ripped. That was three months ago and I am only now ready to return to the front!

M.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Antagonism or harmony between Marx and Freud?—The Negro people—Planning our society

A REVIEW is, unfortunately, not possible to be other than summary; and being summary, in turn, runs the risk of seeming dogmatic. So, since a detailed criticism of a work of this kind* would require at least as much space as the book itself, we shall here concern ourselves only with those central issues which bring out clearly the radical antagonism and incompatibility between the world-outlooks of Marxism and Freudism.

Central to Marxism is the conception of "human nature" (otherwise "psychology") as essentially fluid and transformable. The very pivot of Marx's dialectical materialism in general, and his dialectical sociology in particular, is the concept that "in the beginning was the deed"—that "men make their circumstances as much as their circumstances make men"—that "in transforming nature, men progressively transform themselves"—that the revolutionary triumph of the proletariat is not possible without a "prolonged struggle transforming circumstances and men."

Central to Freudism is the notion of a fixed, inescapable "psychology"—an apparatus of subconscious and subjective forces which remains almost wholly beyond all hope of modification or transformation by any human activity whatsoever. Right at the outset the opposition between Marx and Freud is clear.

This opposition grows increasingly the more absolute the further we proceed. For Marx the individual consciousness—all that Freud comprises under the categories of "ego," and "super-ego"—presupposes human society and is its historically conditioned outcome. For Freud, the self-contained individual is logically and historically prior to, and the presupposition of, human society; in fact, for Freud human society is not a positive, but a purely relative descriptive category.

That is to say: For Marx "psychology" is the product of society. For Freud society is the product of psychology—only so far as men by means of their super-ego "identify" themselves with social institutions is society possible at all.

The radical incompatibility between the sociology explicit in Marx and implicit in Freud is brought out most clearly in their respective attitudes to revolution, feminism, and religion.

Freud, taking the ordinary bourgeois view that a revolution is a mere interruption of normal order without objectively progressive significance (taking, that is to say, the conventional bourgeois view that the bourgeois-individualist form of society is the only possible social form, past, present, and to come, so that history shows nothing but superficial alterations of no fundamental significance) pours out his scorn upon bolshevism as only another sort of religion. He sees in it only another example of the "mob" following enthusiastically a group of deluding and deluded "leaders" who are "obliged to compensate believers for the sufferings and deprivations of the present life by promising them a better life in future."

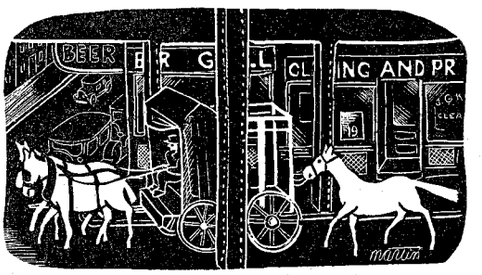
To Freud, government in general is possible only so far as the governors can secure the emotional relation of "fathers" to their "children"—the "mob" aforesaid. That is to say, carrying the implications of this argument to their logical conclusion, the mass and ruck of mankind are forever incapable of rational behavior. Hence it follows that as they are bound to be deluded anyway (either by their own "repressions," "complexes," "rationalizations" or "wish-fulfillments"), all that a would-be governor has to do is to hit upon the most effective delusion he can find to exploit to his advantage the child-like emotions of the mob. In other words (those of Bernard Shaw), "the art of government is the art of organizing idolatry."

And Osborn, with disarming simplicity, invites the Communist Party to act accordingly:

> And if psychology tells us that no movement will win the support of the masses which does not offer a leader who arouses adequately the emotional attitudes which . . . relate to the child-parent situation, then a movement which boasts of its scientific outlook must hasten to provide such a leader.

So! In the name of "science" (Freudian brand) the Communist Party of the U. S. A. must turn itself into a cult for the adoration of Earl Browder!

This notion of the basic and ineradicable significance of the child-parent relation runs all through Freudism, by implication in its pseudo-psychology (notably in its Œdipus-complex mythology) and explicitly in its sociology. But always it is a bourgeois family, one based upon the all-but-absolute dominion of the male parent (with the corresponding subjection of the female), which is envisaged. This with Freud is open and unconcealed. With Osborn, faced with the devastating assault delivered by Marx and Engels upon the bourgeois conception of the family, and the bourgeois notion of its absolute necessity and finality, the same end is reached by an amazing succession of distortions of the plain sense and meaning of the Marx-Engels criticism.



Martin

Engels, in his *Origin of the Family*—a work largely based upon Marx's own notes upon Morgan's *Ancient Society*—gave a brilliant demonstration of the general process whereby the bourgeois family had been evolved, one which showed that, being the product of history, this form of the family was bound to be transitory. Osborn, who, apparently, has no notion that this is the plain sense of Engels's work, used this very essay to "prove" all the things which Engels denied.

For instance, and outstandingly, Freud avowedly builds his theory of the Œdipus complex on the supposition that "in the beginning" human society existed in the form of "small communities" in which a man possessed "a single wife, or if powerful, several, whom he jealously defended against all other men." This, says Osborn,

> Freud developed into the theory that the primal horde was ruled over by a powerful male, who kept all the females for himself, and compelled the younger males, under threat of castration, to restrain their sexual desires.

Now on the face of it, this theory already projects into primitive society relations and notions compatible only with bourgeois conditions of existence. Why, for instance, should the women allow themselves to be monopolized by any one man? Why, in these circumstances, should the "horde" submit to rule at all? Why should the younger males cower in submission before the simple threat of castration? Why, in such circumstances, should there be any horde at all? Was there not all the world to run away into?

Engels, in fact, shatters the notion completely. He shows in the first place that it was a false deduction from the alleged "natural instincts" of apes and gorillas. He suggests, shrewdly, that the few cases of observed gorilla behavior from which it was deduced were cases of species *on the road to extinction*. And he argues that the alleged "instinct of jealousy" upon which the whole theory rests—and with it the theory of the natural necessity of bourgeois marriage—is demonstrably a myth. The central fact to grasp, Engels argues, is that the survival, and still more the historical development of human society, presupposes a relatively large and, in any case, a *permanent* group, and "the mutual tolerance of the grown males, freedom from jealousy, was the first condition for the formation of such large and permanent groups, within which alone the transformation from beast to man could be accomplished."

Will it be believed that Osborn cites this very sentence as a "proof" that Engels's view was substantially identical with Freud's? Will it be believed that John Strachey is so impressed that he cites that very sentence as one

* *Freud and Marx*, by Reuben Osborn. Equinox Coöperative Press. $2.50.

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that might have come from Freud? Yet such is the case. It is clear that neither Osborn nor (alas!) John Strachey has grasped the first essential of the problem as it was apparent to Frederick Engels.

As Engels saw the matter, the history of the family was only that of the progressive social qualification of the range of free choice in copulation. Following broadly the line of Morgan, he argued that intercourse was first prohibited between age classifications, all of generation A being debarred from copulating with the preceding generation B and the succeeding generation C. Later, a vertical line of prohibition was added by the division of the "horde" into two halves, copulation being barred within the "home" moiety. Further subdivision begot a complex of "gens" subdivisions, and finally, *in the appropriate economic conditions,* emerged the patriarchal household, the starting-point for the patriarchal clan, and the male-dominated form of the family.

Freud sees in this process nothing but the prohibition—which for him gains its whole significance from his supposition that every man's lust is primarily directed towards his nearest female kin. He projects into the most primitive society the relations of the patriarchal family—which, based upon cattle-breeding, might, at times, produce a situation in which all the women in sight were "monopolized" by the patriarch and denied to the young men, his sons. But even in these conditions no such situation as Freud imagines could endure for long. The patriarchal household needed children as no other household ever did. While the patriarch would, no doubt, for precautionary reasons, keep his sons from meddling with his own wives (and also see no reason for abstaining from meddling with their wives), it was to his interest to see that they did have wives, and sons, and grandsons.

Thus the Freudian theory of a family in which the young men are faced with a permanent fear of castration is, in the first place, based upon a perversion of the patriarchal conception of the family, and is in the second place utterly inconceivable in primitive society; indeed, in any sort of society.

Freud not only argues that because of the original composition of the family—the monopoly of women by the jealous gorilla-like father—*all* boys are born with a sexual appetite for their own mothers, and a concomitant desire to strangle their own fathers (of which Œdipus-desire, by the way, Freud thinks that revolutionary enthusiasm is an expression), but he goes further and argues that the fear of castration, born of this relation, is an ingrained hereditary impulse in the whole human race.

"I believe these primal phantasies are a phylogenetic possession. It seems to me quite possible that castration itself was in prehistoric periods of the human family a reality." So Osborn quotes Freud as saying. But neither Freud nor Osborn tackles the obvious difficulty that if castration ever was a general habit, it could not possibly have been transmitted as a "phylogenetic possession," since those castrated would have no progeny, and those with progeny would have no castration experience to pass on.

Robert Joyce

Yet, despite this obvious objection, Freud supposes that the Œdipus-complex and its derivative, the castration-complex, are the chief determinants not only of male, but of female character today.

The girl, he argues, is so disgusted on discovering that she hasn't a penis like her brother that she hates her mother for "depriving" her of this adornment. Says Freud:

> The girl remains in the Œdipus situation for an indefinite period; she only abandons it late in life and then incompletely. The formation of the super-ego must suffer in these circumstances.

A more preposterous mode of reaching an excuse for a reactionary-philistine attitude towards women and feminism was never invented.

The Œdipus-complex provides Freud, too, with his theory of religion which, according to him, is simply a projection of the father-emotion inate in every individual.

Here again the conflict between Marx and Freud is absolute. For Marx religion is a historically conditioned social-reflex phenomenon which arises in certain social relations and will disappear when these relations have ceased to be. For Freud it is an inescapable projection of man's basic psychology which can, in special cases, be cured by psychoanalysis, but is otherwise chronic and permanent.

And at this point we touch the fundamentally irrational idealism of the Freudian mythology; since here we have naked and unashamed the bifurcation of human society into the crude, irrational, repression- and complex-ridden "mob," and the lordly, aristocratic few, the psychoanalysts.

I challenge the whole of this position on every ground. Whatever worth there may be in psychoanalysis as a technique in cases of neurosis, there is less than no use at all in Freudism as a psychology. And when Freudism is offered as a substitute for all the genuine work which has been done in psychology, alike on its speculative side by the philosophers from Hobbes to Hegel, and by the physiologists up to and including Pavlov—to say nothing of the work of the behaviorists and the *Gestalt* psychologists—it is time, and high time, that in the interests of the science a protest should be made against the upholders of this pretentious ballyhoo.

Most of all must we direct the challenge against the attempt to adulterate Marx with this spurious, eclectic compost of metaphysics, mythological guesswork, and idealistic epistemology which is adored as "Freud."

If Freud is right, no such thing as a rational theory of the universe is possible. All our theories are, according to Freud, "rationalizations"—that is to say, myths invented by our subconsciousness to excuse ourselves for doing what we are going to do anyway.

Osborn, for instance, quotes with approval (what seems to be a favorite example with Freudians) Bernard Hart's story of the Sunday-school teacher who turned atheist because his best girl ran off with a fellow-Sunday-school teacher. Although the man in question had, admittedly, acquired quite a wide knowledge of the relevant literature, Hart insists, with Osborn's approval, that what was *really* responsible for his atheism was the fact that he had been jilted.

If this means anything at all, it means that atheism is a delusion requiring psycho-therapeutical treatment. In fact, carried to its logical conclusion, it means that any rational theory about anything, save, and save only, the theory of Freud, must be in like manner a "complex," a "repression," a "rationalization," or one or another of the Freudian categories of delusional insanity. In fact, Freudism, which began as a practice for the treatment of neurosis, becomes a theory only by taking it for granted that all men are insane.

It is a thousand pities that John Strachey should have given his blessing to this exposition of a theory which is totally incompatible with Marxism. T. A. JACKSON.

An Oppressed Nation

THE NEGRO GENIUS, *by Benjamin Brawley. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.*

THE BRONZE BOOKLETS, *published by The Associates in Negro Folk Education, Washington, D. C., 25 cents each. No. 1—Adult Education Among Negroes, by Ira De A. Reid. No. 2—The Negro and His Music, by Alain Locke. No. 3—Negro Art: Past and Present, by Alain Locke. No. 4—A World View of Race, by Ralph J. Bunche.*

THE current year has witnessed many events significant for the Negro people in their struggle for equality and liberation, and important also, therefore, for the white working class, which cannot free itself while the Negro people are oppressed. Outstanding in various respects are: the freeing of Angelo Herndon, and the C.I.O. drive to organize Negro and white workers into the same unions. On the other side of the ledger one may record the appalling sale of millions of copies of Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind,* as vicious a piece of historic misrepresentation and slander of the Negro people as has come out of the South. The popularity of this book shows the need for vast public education on

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the fundamental question of race relationships, and also on the long history and culture of the Negro people.

Toward this education the books under review are all, in varying degrees, some contribution. Professor Brawley announces in his introduction an unconvincing, and, it seems to me, specious thesis: "The mixed element in the race may represent the Negro's talent, but it is upon the black element that he must rely for his genius." This thesis, however, does not obtrude itself upon the text, for Professor Brawley makes no effort to apply it to his innumerable brief accounts of Negro historians, artists, writers, and other public figures, from the eighteenth century to the present. If the book is dull reading, it is because these sketches are not linked by any explanation of the development of Negro culture, or of the causes and circumstances attending the changes. Nevertheless, it is useful as a reference work, is well indexed, and contains a good bibliography. The reader will inevitably derive a sense of the variety and extensiveness of Negro cultural activity that will stimulate him to further exploration.

Professor Alain Locke's two little books, *The Negro and his Music* and *Negro Art: Past and Present,* are valuable though limited compilations and interpretations. In the first book, Professor Locke traces the development of Negro music from the spirituals, and the blues, and work songs, through minstrelsy and ragtime, to jazz and its influence upon modern musical idiom. There is no attempt, however, to relate this development to the changing life of the Negro people. This preoccupation merely with technical development is not very evident in his work on Negro art. Here he traces a vital development. "Somehow, too, in this dislocating process of being transplanted from Africa to America, Negro art and the Negro artist got separated. It was generations before they got together again. Meanwhile, we had African art forgotten and discredited; the Negro theme and subject matter neglected by American artists generally, and many Negro artists who themselves regarded Negro art as a ghetto restriction from which they fled in protest and indignation. All this has changed and today the exact opposite is largely true." He then attempts to correlate the changing rôle of the Negro, and Negro themes as the subject matter of art, and the changing social and political status of the Negro people. He is particularly interested in the attitude of the Negro artist who avoided Negro subjects in order to be considered "as a painter, not as a Negro painter." This is a vanishing tendency, however. "Negro art," he says, "more logically falls in with an art of social interpretation and criticism."

Of somewhat specialized appeal is Professor Reid's pamphlet on Negro adult education, which reports two experiments performed in Atlanta and Harlem. Almost a handbook, the pamphlet contains practical suggestions on the organization of various adult education projects, from discussion forums to roving theaters and book-clubs.

Helen West Heller

Of widest appeal, however, is Professor Bunche's *A World View of Race,* which presents a social and economic, but not a Marxian analysis of the subject. Professor Bunche virtually denies that the Negroes in the United States constitute an oppressed national minority. The consequences of his position are revealed partly in the following quotation:

> It may well be asked how much better off would the Negro be if it were possible for him to throw off his racial identity and suddenly turn white. . . . The Negro turned white would be entitled to the ballot also. But it may well be doubted that this would mean much to him in a an age when democracy, with all of its fussy trappings, is being universally debunked and discredited. . . . They [racial interpretations] lead Negroes up the dark, blind alley of black chauvinism.

Earlier in the book Professor Bunche speaks of the "principles of equality and humanitarianism advocated by the Soviet Union," and he thinks that it "is both logical and likely" that oppressed racial groups will turn to the example of the Soviet Union. But, if the Soviet Union has taught anything on this matter, it is that the problem can be solved only when it is viewed as a *national* problem. Compare this with Professor Bunche's denial of the value of democracy merely because the fascists are attacking it, or with his confused talk of "black chauvinism," when it should be clearly understood that "chauvinism" is a feature of an imperialist, oppressing nation, and cannot be accurately applied to the national aspirations of an oppressed nation. Seeing the race problem as one aspect of the international class struggle (which is what Professor Bunche is trying to do) does not mean blurring over the fact that there are special forms of oppression to which the Negro people are subject, nor that these, therefore, require special remedies. Those who deny the *special* character of the issue fail also to fight for the *normal* rights supposedly guaranteed the Negro people.

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

Planners and "Planners"

PLANNED SOCIETY, YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW, *edited by Findlay Mackenzie. Prentice Hall.* $5.00.

IT IS difficult to say whether this collection of essays is important, or very useful, or significant. It runs to 989 pages and includes 35 contributors, some with more than one essay. Its editor was very democratic and broadminded. Stalin, Mussolini, and Sydney Hook are each permitted a piece; in fact, Dr. Hook is permitted two. The long list of contributors, most of them academic or professional economists, is just a little confusing, perhaps even stunning. The natural thing for a case-hardened reviewer in seach of guidance to do is to turn to the index. The index is definitely helpful. Aquinas is listed twice, Aristotle four times, Bentham three times, John Maynard Keynes three times, Lenin once, Marx three times, and H. G. Wells three times. This may be a very unfair method of approaching a book, but in this case, after laboriously reading paper after paper to the bitter end, I am afraid the index was a pretty good one.

Something is wrong with the kind of mind found in our best academic circles. It is saturated with the Don't Give Up Hope, Well, If and But metaphysics inherited from the late James brothers; it is desperately unhappy about the Way Things Are; it Wishes It Could Do Something; it "wishes" society would just let itself be run by its best minds; but when it gets together with other minds like itself, in a book like this, everything becomes very vague and indefinite.

I should like to know something about planning in primitive society. Margaret Mead writes a chapter about that. It is a piece of charming, anti-systematic, and very feminine writing; it contains almost as much anthropological gossip as a section of the *Golden Bough. At* the end—well, if, and but!

Father Dempsey, of the Society of Jesus, is at least familiar. The official myth of the Middle Ages held by Romanists is presented with Jesuit neatness. I don't suppose, at this late date, it would have any effect on Father Dempsey, if one pointed out that judging medieval economy on the basis of quotations from St. Thomas, and the guild charters, and the decisions of councils is like painting a portrait of contemporary "social ethics" with quotations from A. N. Whitehead, speeches by Bill Green, and the documents of the League of Nations.

There is a chapter, with four papers, on planning the use of land. One gets the idea that planning is a pretty good thing, and that we had better hurry up and do some of it before it's too late. But there is so much polite clearing of the throat, so much Well, If and But, that the final specific residue is not very meaty.

So it goes. All the papers are not unregenerately gentle and enquiring, but most of them are. Some of them, in fact, particularly those on land use, are really of value. The fault is that of a type of language and a method of thinking. There is, for instance, a very provocative sketch of the dilemma of the hornswoggled consumer by A. A. Friedrich. It represents a picture which should drive strong men to tears, but it ends in a diminuendo of suspended judgments.

There are, however, five essays that are perfectly clear. They are: Stalin's report to the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Feb. 10, 1934), V. V. Obolensky-Ossinsky's essay on planning in the Soviet Union, Mussolini on the political and

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social doctrine of fascism, and Sidney Hook's two essays—one on the philosophical implications of economic planning and the other on the democratic and dictatorial aspects of communism and socialism.

Readers of the NEW MASSES are familiar with the nature of the first two. Mr. Mussolini, though he completely perverts history and misrepresents contemporary society, is honest in his own peculiar way. His article is about as succinct a presentation of what he hopes his followers believe as can be found. Dr. Hook, too, has his own sort of honesty, and a very interesting fellow he is in an entomological sort of way. His papers have little to do with their nominal subjects, but, as might be expected, are filled with vilification of the Soviet Union and the Communist Party. Political adventurism makes strange bedfellows. One wonders how Dr. Hook can fit his dyspeptic neopragmatism into the same procustean bed with the studio metaphysics of Max Eastman and the intricate paranoia of their master.

Anyway, here are a lot of words about planning, some good and some fair to middling, and some pretty poor. Although the subject-matter presumably should be definite, there isn't a lot of that quality apparent. The book is designed as a textbook. In the hands of a witty and caustic instructor, it could be used to send a class a long ways. Mr. MacKenzie is to be complimented for his good intentions. If he hasn't done anything else about planning, he *has* conveyed the impression that we sure need it.

KENNETH REXROTH.

Brief Reviews

THE UNHOLY CITY, *by Charles G. Finney. Vanguard Press.* $2.

The definitely pixilated Mr. Finney, whose *Circus of Dr. Lao* won the booksellers' award last year as the most "original" piece of fiction, has come somewhat nearer to earth in *The Unholy City*. The substance of this yarn is the movement of social forces, with the unemployed, the ex-soldiers, the old-age-pension seekers, and the small-businessmen-vigilantes contending for a greater slice of power and wealth. Mr. Finney's satire slams them all around and boosts them, too, without much partisanship and with considerable sprightliness. The Self-Respecting, Self-Supporting Citizens (read small-businessmen-vigilantes) win the day, but not through any merit assigned by the author. Perhaps the nearest thing to an accolade that Mr. Finney's second attempt deserves is that it is palatable light summer fare; its importance, however, is that Mr. Finney has chosen social themes. If he continues to get closer to earth in his subject-matter, we may find him one day deserting his position of the "convinced individualist" who opines that "there isn't a hell of a lot of balm in Gilead."

A. W. T.

OUR INEFFECTIVE STATE, *by William H. Hessler. Henry Holt and Co.* $2.50.

As an analysis of the inefficiencies of American constitutional government Mr. Hessler's book is a thoughtful and discerning work, but as a guide to any action which might help solve the problems of society it falls into that same ineffectiveness which the author so heartily berates. He believes that the democratic state perishes because it becomes ineffective, that to save American democracy we must revise our institutions and political procedures to allow government to meet the problems of our

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times. He expresses a general dislike for war and fascism, recognizes the reactionary character of the Constitution as written by the followers of Madison and interpreted by the Supreme Court, sees the need for government action to remedy "the glaring inequalities and frustrations of American life." But he insists that a remedy could be found under capitalism, if only we had a strong and responsible government to advance the interests of the nation as a whole, now defeated by inefficiency and divided authority.

Seeds of fascism lie scattered through *Our Ineffective State.* Indeed, Hessler's whole theme is a plea for greater efficiency in order to prevent revolution, a demand for a "stabilized" capitalism. He believes government policies should be set by the conservative upper class, "the more literate and informed element." He praises political pragmatism —a fascist characteristic; calls on the middle class to take authority away from the "bourbons"; denies the inevitability of class antagonism. And, most amazing of all, along with his able and noble defense of liberal democracy, author Hessler expounds the desirability of having the state evolve into a system of functional representation, with bankers, industrialists, labor leaders, and so on, representing their various groups in Congress—the plan of the Italian corporative state. But this is not to label the author as a fascist. Hessler, who is chief editorial writer on the *Cincinnati Enquirer,* may be likened to Sinclair Lewis's Doremus Jessup. At present he is still in a state of evolution. Tomorrow he may be either a theoretician for the American Corpos or a real champion of the people. His choice is yet to be made. W. T.

GOLD FEVER, *by L. M. Nesbitt. Harcourt, Brace, & Co.* $2.50.

Nesbitt was a young English-Italian mining engineer. He previously attracted attention with his book *Hell Hole of Creation,* an account of the crossing of the Danakil desert in Ethiopia shortly before the Italian invasion. That that expedition was a mapping trip for the Italians is not unlikely. Furthermore, fascism was congenial enough to Nesbitt for him to make his home in Italy before his recent death in an airplane accident. This is mentioned to indicate that it is with no communist preconceptions that Nesbitt writes. Indeed, he shares some of the commoner prejudices toward Negroes. Nevertheless, his book, which is additionally distinguished by a brilliant narrative style, is, in its objective fashion, a very powerful indictment against capitalist production, as shown in an especially fevered and conscienceless form, in gold mining, where the average working life of white miners is eight years and of Negro miners, less; and where, practically speaking, Negro slavery goes on, though in the dominions of a jim-crow empire that officially abolished it in the eighteen hundreds.
I. S.

TOLD WITH A DRUM, *by Edward Harris Heth. Houghton, Mifflin Company.* $2.50.

When the war breaks out, Herr Tellinger, mayor of a German-American city in the middle west, finds himself shunned and discriminated against by native residents, and he reciprocates. The chauvinism of the Americans is matched only by the stubborn, ingrown brooding of Herr Tellinger, who dies, a man without a country, after both his son, fighting on the German side, and his daughter's husband in the British army have been killed at the front. The story is told in a refined and well-managed over-the-edge-of-the-table manner, by a small grandson. It moves in a twilit vacuum and is exclusively concerned with the muted emotions of wraithlike people, seen through the eyes of the boy. It is fragile and slight, not merely because of the limitations of its technique, but more because the author has isolated his characters from their social background. Herr Tellinger's tragedy seems to begin and end in himself; it is made entirely a family affair; so that, while Tellinger is a careful and moving characterization, the total effect is very

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mild. The writing is expert, mannered, and perhaps too artfully subdued; everything is smothered in atmospheric detail; every crisis is veiled beneath an excessive tinkling of glass, smell of food, ripple of laughter, end-of-the-winter snow, rain, or thaw, so that the reader often feels that he is being held off from the characters and their story by sensuous paraphernalia. Technically, the book is a commendable literary feat in presenting adult emotions through a child's mind, without distorting either; but it tackles an old theme without attempting to broaden it, and it hardly suggests the depths of the social tragedy that lay behind all the rustling in the hallway. D. B. E.

THE DEVIL THEORY OF WAR: AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF HISTORY AND THE POSSIBILITY OF KEEPING OUT OF WAR, *by Charles A. Beard. Vanguard Press.* $1.50.

This book is primarily an analysis of the most important documents presented and for the first time revealed to the public during the Nye munitions investigation last year. These documents, consisting of secret letters passed between various members of Wilson's administration, and also between them and certain private bankers and financiers, bring us to a realization that one of the primary causes of the war was greed. On the tomb of those men who failed the country in its greatest crisis should be graven, "They did not want war, but they wanted the profits which war brought."

If this book had been written by a confirmed and expert Marxist, instead of by a liberal-radical reformist like Dr. Beard; if it had adapted the same material to a world-view instead of a twopenny "tilling our own garden" policy; if it had been published by one of the workers' organizations in pamphlet form at 50 cents instead of in boards and on featherweight paper with the type greatly padded at $1.50—if all these things had taken place, we would have had the propaganda document par excellence for the anti-war movement. As it is—and it is excellent in its way—it will certainly reach no more than a hundredth of the market it should reach. This is one of the habitual and necessary failures of the liberal intellectual: he will not go to his readers. G. C.

HEIL HITLER!, *by Louis Walinsky. Pilgrim House.* $2.

Almost any play reporting Nazi horrors is sure of a quick response from the vast audience whose interest in the preservation of peace, democracy, and a decent standard of living is threatened by fascism. *Heil Hitler!* has the important value of immediacy, but weak characterization and failure to integrate his diffuse material keep Walinsky's play on a newsreel level. With his characters too passive to create dramatic tension, the playwright is able only to utilize the emotional charge stored in the subject matter itself in relation to the audience's situation outside the play. Much of the play's material, with but little editing, would make an excellent "living newspaper" edition. M. M.

★

Recently Recommended Books

The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism, by Robert A. Brady. Viking. $3.

Labor Conditions in Western Europe, by J. Kucynski. International. $1.50.

The Outward Room, by Millen Brand. Simon & Schuster. $1.25.

The Letters of Lenin, translated and edited by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.

After the Seizure of Power. (Selected Works of V. I. Lenin. Vol. VII.) International Publishers. Reg. $2.75. Pop. $2.

The Paris Commune of 1871, by Frank Jellinek. Oxford University Press. $3.

Child Workers in America, by Katherine DuPre Lumpkin and Dorothy Wolff Douglas. Robert M. McBride. $3.50.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Filming a novel of bourbon oppression—A World's Fair community center—American folk music

WARD GREENE'S novel of murder, trial by prejudice, and lynching, *Death in the Deep South,* reaches the screen under the title *They Won't Forget* (Warner Bros.). It is an outstanding and powerful motion picture, ably directed and produced by Mervyn LeRoy who also has *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* to his credit.

The story is simple and direct. A murder is discovered. The janitor of a southern schoolhouse, a Negro, is immediately suspected, and the police proceed to get a confession from him. It isn't important to check the janitor's story. "Don't figure it is necessary," says one blue-coat. "Give me one more hour with him, and I'll have a confession." But the district-attorney, with an eye on the coming elections, has other ideas. Convicting a Negro would be too easy, too much in the ordinary run of things. And so a net of circumstantial evidence is woven to prove that the northern school-teacher, an outsider in the community, is guilty of the rape and murder of the victim who was one of his pupils. He is tried by a prejudiced court, prosecuted by the politically ambitious district-attorney, convicted by a crooked jury, and lynched by a mob.

The director turns his camera on the frightened, bulldozed witnesses. He depicts the sensationalism of the yellow press which uses the case to build circulation and, at the same time, helps to incite the lynching.

One of the outstanding things about the film is that there are no big stars to hinder the story. If ever one needed confirmation that a competent director can put over what he has to say without "stars," this film supplies that proof. Most of the actors have only played "bit" parts. The only big name is that of Claude Rains who plays the part of the ambitious district-attorney with great skill and conviction. And while I'm discussing the cast, it is important to mention that Clinton Rosomond who plays the Negro janitor contributes one of the nicest bits of acting that has been seen in a long time. When he is being questioned during the trial, it is obvious that he is being intimidated to falsify his testimony. Trapped in his lies by the defense attorney's question: "And you're scared right now, too, aren't you?," he answers: "Well, you see, ah's colo'd, an' . . ." Clearly and brutally the intimidation of the Negro is brought out.

Naturally this film will be compared with *Fury* from which Mervyn LeRoy borrowed much. The director has also utilized material from the Scottsboro trials, as, for instance, in the scene in which the district-attorney introduces the murdered girl's clothes as evidence of the accusation. But in spite of the fact that the line of the story is straighter in the current film, in spite of the fact that the victim is lynched and the district-attorney questions the man's guilt only after the lynching, *They Won't Forget* doesn't have the impact or the emotional drive that gave *Fury* all its force. It certainly doesn't have the directorial skill or imagination that went into the making of *Fury*. One must, however, give the director credit for a very powerful and extremely imaginative dramatization of the actual lynching.

To a certain extent the films loses some of its force because of the many concessions to censorship and the general Hollywood antagonism toward realism. On the other hand, it proves very conclusively how powerful a medium the cinema is. The book itself suffered from a certain superficiality and surface treatment. Thus, in spite of the fact that the film treatment is milder and less factual than the book, it is an immeasurably more powerful social document. *They Won't Forget* deserves our complete support.

Easy Living (Paramount): A Cinderella story with so much slapstick that is ridiculous, and unbelievable, and exaggerated, that it becomes a burlesque on itself. Edward Arnold as J. P. Ball, the banker, who gets mixed up with the shopgirl who finally marries Ball's son, has never been better. And Jean Arthur, as the shopgirl, contributes her best and, very surprising, her most human performance. The slapstick is loud and violent. No matter by what standards you judge films, this is a very funny one.

PETER ELLS.

THE FINE ARTS

BY FAR the most exciting exhibit in the large and well-selected summer show which the Museum of Modern Art has opened in its temporary quarters on West 49th Street, New York, is the project for a community center for the coming World's Fair presented by the Architects', Painters', & Sculptors' Collaborative. Oscar Storonov, young architect who received honorable mention in the international design competition for the Palace of the Soviets, has done a complex of three buildings united by a large circular open-air swimming pool surrounded by a colonnade. He has been aided by a group of fifteen mural painters, members of the National Mural Society, and six sculptors, who have provided elaborate decorations as an integral part of the plan.

The idea of creating a community center for the World's Fair as an example of what our cities need for their cultural development was the spontaneous effort of artists dissatisfied with contemporary conditions. They had learned that the economic plight of so many artists in the United States, which has been crucial since the depression, was related in part to the fact that the artist did not function practically and actively in present-day social life. Formerly the best artists produced chiefly for rich patrons, and the general public was deprived of the benefit of their work. Now these progressive artists, eager to reach the larger public and aware that many municipal governments throughout the U.S.A. are embarking on better-housing projects, decided to create an ideal community center for educational and recreational activities. The result is this interesting model designed for a community with a population of 100,000.

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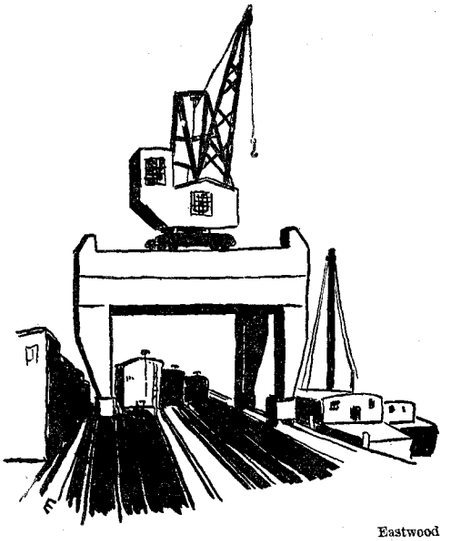

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tion: public entertainment, study, and sport. In the first building, heading the colonnade, is a modern 2000-seat auditorium to be used for theatrical performances, public meetings, and movies. An L-shaped building contains the library, scientific laboratories, art gallery, and workshops where amateurs may learn applied arts and crafts. A large V-shaped building houses an indoor swimming pool, gymnasium, and cafeteria and is adjoined by an outdoor tennis arena. A nursery and playground for children is provided for mothers who wish to spend time at the various activities. The classic ideal of a sound mind in a sound body has inspired these artists in the selection of recreation, sport, and study.

The mural painters who participated are well known artists: Marion Greenwood, Leo Katz, Hugo Gellert, Harold Lehman, Monty Lewis, Ryah Ludins, Howard L. Irwin, Michael Lenson, Jacob Burck, Anatol Shulkin, Stuyvesant Van Veen, Max B. Starr, and Clara Fargo Thomas. They have chosen to depict such subjects as industry, power, sports, labor, food, etc. Unfortunately the style of large pictorial murals seems at variance with the purist form of the architecture, which is far better suited to the geometric patterns of Mondrian. Lack of integration between the plastic arts and architecture is no new phenomenon and can be resolved only by just such coöperative efforts as this new group is attempting. In this first instance, due to lack of time, many of the mural painters did not know or see the architectural model for which they designed their murals, nor did they work sufficiently together so that their mural compositions would harmonize. The sculptors have been more successful in designing with the architect in mind, particularly the sculptures of José Ruiz de Rivera, whose floating marble islands to be used as rafts and diving boards serve both a practical and anæsthetic purpose in the whole design of the circular swimming pool. Other sculptors contributing include William Zorach, who has made a large fountain in the shape of a Greek pediment, Minna Harkavy, Concetta Scaravaglione, Aaron Goodelman, and Isamu Noguchi.

A provocative experiment is Louis Fer-

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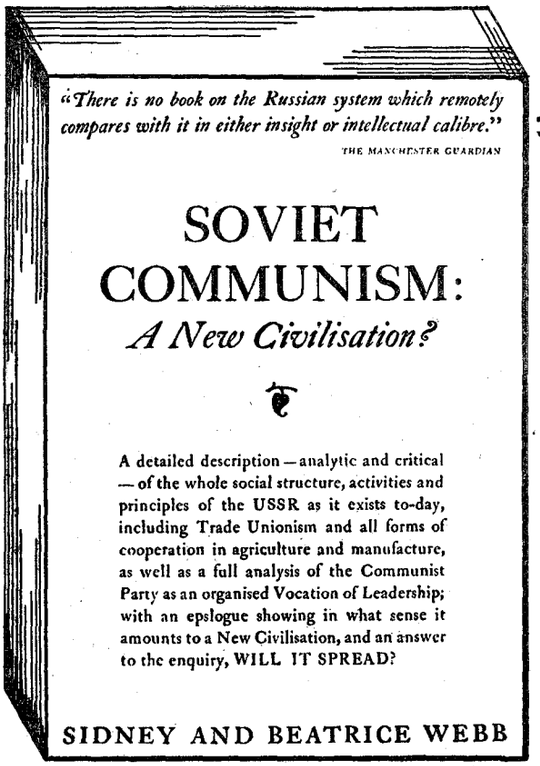
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CHARMION VON WIEGAND.

NATIVE SONG

WITH little to attract me to the concert halls, I've jumped with gusto on J. Rosamund Johnson's new book, *Rolling Along in Song* (Viking, $3.50), a follow-up to the famed *Book of American Negro Spirituals* and *Second Book of Negro Spirituals* by the same author and publisher. There are a number of spirituals here, but the eighty-seven songs include also ring shouts, jubilees, work songs, plantation and minstrel ballads, levee pastimes, examples of jail house songs, street cries, rag-time, and blues, topped off by a more elaborate "musical episode" called *De Chain Gang* that traces the day of a Negro convict in a synthesis of such songs as "Gwine Down That Lonesome Road," "Water Me from the Lime Rock," "Workin' on de Chain Gang," "You Gotta Bus' dis Rock," etc.

I should have liked a lot more of the work songs and street cries in the place of some of the more familiar Foster and other minstrel airs, but publishing exigencies and Mr. Johnson's attempt to make "a chronological survey of American Negro music" probably dictated the present set-up. And as the book is less a historical document than it is a batch of grand tunes for home and group enjoyment, the contents are nicely balanced and suited to their purpose. The collection is something of a smaller *American Song Bag*, but the musical standards are considerably higher, although Johnson's settings, like those in the Sandburg anthology, are harmonized in rather rough and ready fashion. Some look pretty clumsy on paper and undoubtedly would horrify a pedant, but they lie well under the amateur pianist's fingers and are a joy to play and sing.

I'm still looking for the great day when we'll get something even better than good homespun settings of such native material, but until an American Bartók or Kodály comes

Darryl Frederick

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along, there's a lot to enjoy right here. For Johnson, as in his previous collections, has a talent for simple effective arrangements, augmented in occasional moments of genuine inspiration by the haunting, inevitable quality that marks the ideal in folk music settings, as in "Many Thousan' Gone," "Hallelujah to de Lam'," and "The Broom Man."

The book is prefaced with an informal historical and descriptive introduction; it's handsomely printed; but the real meat is the music itself, and there's a wealth of songs here to roll one joyously along in song right from the highly timely air that opens the set with a bang:

> Sit down, sister, sit down,
> Walk right in an' sit down;
> My Lord tol' me for to sit down,
> Sit down an' rest a little while.

R. D. DARRELL.

★

Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Daylight, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Questions Before Congress. A representative discusses current isues Wednesdays at 3:30 p.m. and a senator on Thursdays at 5 p.m., C.B.S.

Columbia Workshop. First anniversary celebration. Dramatization under the direction of Irving Reis, Sun., July 19, 6:30 p.m., C.B.S.

Shakespeare. John Barrymore presents a streamlined version of *Twelfth Night,* Mon., July 19, 9:30 p.m., N.B.C. blue. *Much Ado About Nothing,* with Leslie Howard, Rosalind Russell, Conway Tearle and others, Mon., July 19, 9 p.m., C.B.S.

U.S. Cabinet Series. A member of the President's cabinet will speak each week from Washington, Fri., July 16, 10:30 p.m., C.B.S.

Ralph Bates. From Spain every Tuesday and Friday at 7:30 p.m. via short wave on station EAR, 31.65 meters. On all other nights, a fifteen-minute news broadcast at 7:30 p.m.

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King Solomon's Mines. An adventure tale enhanced by Paul Robeson's wonderful singing.

Captains Courageous. Kipling's novel of a spoiled brat with exciting documentary sidelights on the lives of Gloucester fishermen.

Make Way for Tomorrow. A tender tale of an elderly couple dependent on their children.

A Day at the Races. More hilarious antics by the Marx Bros., a satire on medical movies.

The Thirteen. Excellent film of a Red Army troop's repulsion of foreign invaders.

Kid Galahad. A melodrama of prize-fighters with violent and exciting ring sequences.

They Gave Him a Gun. Powerful anti-war material confused by a trite love story.

Paris Commune. An ambitious Soviet version of the historical character of the Commune.

PLAYS

Room Service (Cort, N.Y.). Very funny nonsense about a penniless Broadway showman, ably directed by George Abbott.

Babes in Arms (Schubert, N.Y.) Pleasant and talented cast of youngsters in an amusing tuneful Rodgers and Hart musical.

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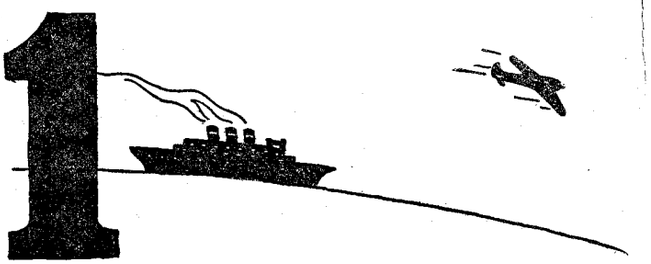

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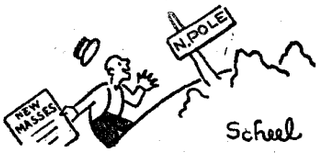

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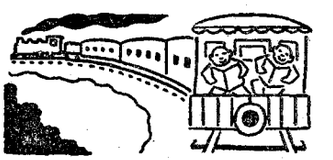

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